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PUNISHMENT NO PREVENTION

By Charles Edward Russell



It seems that we in this country have no monopoly of government chumpiness. We may sometimes think we have, but we haven't. Other nations share the precious possession with us and there is enough in the office of the Home Secretary of Great Britain, I should judge, to supply the whole world. At least a report recently issued from that quarter makes

some of our performances look almost intelligent.

In spite of the ever busy hangman and the policeman on every corner, crime increases at an appalling rate in Great Britain and some solemn ass in the Home Secretary's office has been studying the problem to find out why. He now announces to an uninformed race the reason. It is because there is not sufficient severity in dealing with criminals, because the sentences are too light, because prison discipline has been relaxed and because the public shows a sentimental sympathy for law-breakers.

In a country where a man is arrested on Monday, convicted Tuesday and slammed into prison Wednesday there does not seem to be any official lenity toward law-breakers; at least not so that you could notice it. The British idea is that for every crime committed somebody must be punished good and hard. Whether it is the right person seems from the records to be a minor consideration; also, to judge from recent illustrations, whether the crime has been established. Just punish somebody; that is the idea and punish him to the limit.

There is no other country in the world in which the administration of criminal justice is so swift and inexorable. There are few countries where the whole legal machinery is so powerfully organized against the accused. In the Crippen case the trial judge, after pronouncing sentence, told the accused that the Court of Appeals would sustain his conviction. No protest was made in England against this extraordinary misuse of judicial functions. It was regarded as all right and a good thing. The man was a prisoner; hand it to him.

That is the idea from one end of the machine to the other. Hand it to him.

Now it appears that in spite of this savage severity crime steadily increases, and the solemn persons in the Home office blame the increase to lenity.

How would it do for these dull observers to take a trip through Stepney and the White Chapel before they come to any conclusions on a subject so momentous? I think they would see some things there that would instruct them. From that huge mass of ill-housed, ill-fed, hopeless and poisoned humanity what would they naturally expect to issue but crime? For years the alienists have been calling attention (usually in vain) to the rapid increase of insanity and degeneracy among these unfortunate millions. If there is anybody in the Home office with so much as a spoonful of brains he must know what this means in its relation to crime statistics.

Of course, crime increases. It increases not alone in London, but in every other city where the slum cloud broods and darkens. It is part of the inevitable penalty for maintaining slums; just as tuberculosis, and the bubonic plague

and cholera and typhoid and rickets and racial decay are other parts of the same penalty.

If you don't like the result you ought not to like the cause.

Punishment never discouraged crime nor prevented it. If there is any lesson in history that is indubitable it is that crime has been the product of social conditions and has diminished as social conditions are improved. Punishment is all a blunder. It never did any good and always worked infinite ill. When they used to hang pirates and highwaymen every day piracy and highway robbery were common pursuits. I thought everybody knew this, but it appears that the Home Secretary's office of Great Britain is still unenlightened. It still believes in the gallows and plenty of it. I suppose that in view of these philosophers the thumb-screw was a means of grace and the rack an implement of civilization.

The punishment maniacs, such as these persons at the Home office, are a queer lot. First, they say that punishment is necessary in order that other criminals may be frightened and deterred. If that is so, then the more terrible we can make the punishments the more effective they will be in frightening and deterring. Therefore, we should revert at once to the methods of our wise, humane and highly civilized ancestors. Certainly we have nothing now in the way of punishment so terrible as the Iron Maiden, or breaking on the wheel, or the boots. Let us re-establish these splendid inventions. And since punishment is so salutary let us administer it in public. I marvel that the Home Secretary has left out this point. Surely it must be a great error to have hangings in secret. Let their beneficent influence be wide-spread: let all the world see them, that the wicked may be terrified and the virtuous be uplifted.

No more lenity. Let us put everybody into jail except those that we hang, electrocute or guillotine. That is the correct dope and the sure cure for the world's troubles. There are only five or six men in the world, anyway, whose perfect innocence entitles them to live, and one of them is in the office of the Home Secretary of Great Britain where he dwells in a cave and cracks bones with his teeth.

While I am on this subject of the administration of the criminal law in England (so much admired of our own Cave Dwellers) I am reminded of a little incident that once fell under my own observation.

It was sixteen years ago. A young woman that lived in the Spitalfields slums married against her parents' consent. The young man she married was worthless; most young men reared in such conditions are worthless. When her baby was born he deserted her.

She came back to the wretched hovel where her parents lived. Her father refused to see her. Her mother turned her adrift with a sixpence.

She spent the sixpence for a small bottle of milk and a paper of crackers. Carrying these and her baby she wandered through the streets, forever sitting down to rest and forever being moved on by policemen.

So long as the milk lasted she fed it to the baby, moistening the crackers in it and holding them to the baby's lips.

When the milk was all gone she moistened crackers in her own mouth and fed them to the baby. She ate nothing herself.

About the third day, it must have been, after her mother had turned her adrift, she wandered into a square, well toward the West End. She remembered the square, and remembered sitting down upon a bench with the baby still in her arms. The next thing she knew she was in a police station. She had been found lying on the bench with the baby under her. The baby was dead.

She was charged with murder, and arraigned. When she came into the court for trial it was evident that her feeble mind understood next to nothing of what was going on. To the questions that were asked her she gave scarcely intelligible answers. She was of the third generation of slum dwellers; mind was almost extinct within her, crushed out by the dreariness of slums and three generations of starvation.

She had been arrested on a Friday, she was tried on the following Wednesday and sentenced to be hanged two weeks from that day. She had been found guilty of murdering her baby.

In extenuation, I must observe that child murder by East End women is extremely common and the courts were determined to put an end to it. Also to the court the case seemed clear enough. The baby was found dead under its mother. Well, of course, the mother had smothered it. That was the usual way. Besides she was of the class that deserved no consideration anyway. To the gallows with her.

So they sentenced that wretched, chalk-faced, chalk-boned thing to be hanged by the neck until dead that justice might be vindicated and law-breakers appalled. And they gave her two weeks to prepare for this invaluable and necessary service to society.

But about that time a newspaper reporter came into the story. Something about it attracted his attention. He looked into the case and was convinced that the woman had been railroaded. There was not a scrap of evidence that she had dreamed of killing the child. On the contrary, there was every evidence that she had struggled hard to keep the baby alive. He went to Spitalfields and verified her story. He found the mother and the grocer that had sold her the milk and crackers and even turned up somebody that had noticed her wandering up and down feeding her child, and he pointed out that the empty milk bottle and the sack that had contained the crackers had been found clutched in her hand as she slept.

With these facts he began to protest in his newspaper. He aroused at last the co-operation of his editor. By dint of continual protest they began to stir public opinion and at last they succeeded, just in time, in preventing the woman's legal murder.

The Home Secretary commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life.

It is, therefore, difficult to see exactly wherein the English system of justice errs on the side of lenity. I don't see how it could be much more severe unless it chopped off the head of every offender as soon as he was arrested. If crime increases in a country that has the severest criminal code on earth there must be some other cause than lack of severity.

I suppose this fact would be quite apparent to anybody except a Home Secretary.



Still, I don't know that he is essentially duller than our own charitable rich that give money to the warfare upon tuberculosis and ardently support the system that produces tuberculosis, or duller than the men that denounce war and create it. The devil is always represented as a thin gentleman. If he observes attentively the spectacle presented by our slum settlements and tuberculosis campaigns he cannot possibly be thin. That is supposing him to have any sense of humor.

Much the Same Here

The world grows better in spite of Home Secretaries, temporary relapses, troglodytes and Cave Dwellers. We are not so savage

The Day When There will be No Prisons

as our ancestors. Read the accounts of old prisons and old executions and see if this is not so. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 137 capital offenses in England, and the gallows was shown daily with its victims. Any man, innocent or guilty, that came within the peril of the law gave himself up for lost. None but Home Secretaries and Cave Dwellers lament the passing of such conditions. Steadily the world moves on. All of these prison reform movements and agitations prove the advance of the race toward the inevitable truth that punishment is always a blunder; that society has no right to punish those that go astray, but only to help and restore them.

I look for a day when there will be no more prisons. "Even worse than useless," wrote Charles Dickens of the hangman. He might have said exactly the same thing of the jail. If we may not hang, may we imprison?

Every jail that I ever heard of was only an academy of crime. The more punishments the more crime. If this divine temple of the soul is too sacred to be maimed and mangled on the rack it is too sacred to be hung up in the "bull ring" or tortured in the dark chamber.

I have known criminals of every shade, kind and degree and I have yet to find one in whom there was not plenty of good. The idea of the punishment maniacs is to crush out that good, that society may be avenged upon the wrong-doers itself has created. A man must have a curious kind of mind that can defend such a doctrine. Let us have done with the whole dreadful business. We have murdered enough souls behind our prison walls and barred windows. This is a good time to protest against murdering any more.

Cave Dwellers that believe there is any such thing as a criminal class and that God makes a criminal just as he makes a cow, must feel their theory getting a jolt when they come to consider the story of Australia.



Australia was originally settled by criminals and what would be called, I suppose, the very worst kind of criminals. They were criminals that had been transported in abominable prison ships to the Australian convict camps, probably the most truly hellish places

The Story of Australia

ever known upon this earth. Criminals of both sexes.

This was only sixty or seventy years ago. Today descendants of these unfortunates are among the finest people in Australia.

As soon as the criminal class got a chance in life it ceased to be criminal and became honest.

Convicts were released sometimes upon the ticket-of-leave system and went out into the country and built homes. Then they reformed.

Those that remained in the camps were treated with a cruelty as fiendish as any punishment-maniac could desire. These never reformed, but grew steadily worse until they had to be killed or transported to Norfolk Island, which was the same thing.

Here was the test of the two systems and these were the results.

Still, I suppose there is no test in the world that would convince a Cave Dweller.

"Punish the guilty," says he, and goes out to make another stone hatchet.

Answer to Constant Reader:

No, the name of the present Speaker is not to be pronounced "Sham," whatever the temptation. We must resist these cavortings of a playful spirit, and anyway the word is Beauclamp.

The dues-paying membership of the Socialist party increased 20,000 in three months. Do you get that?



CONFESS that I cannot see where Mr. Hutchins Hapgood comes in with his book, "The Spirit of Labor." Mr. Hapgood's underlying conviction, if he have any, seems to be that when a workingman begins to think, he betakes himself to anarchism and licentious conduct about women.

This is all bosh and nonsense. I have no doubt Mr. Hapgood found the characters he has chosen to portray, but the idea that they are typical of the revolt of labor is preposterous. It is Mr. Hapgood's privilege to put what he knows into his books, but he must not slander a class by attributing to it the errors of an individual, which is exactly what he does in this book. He has, I believe, some reputation as a sociological investigator. I don't know where he got it. If "The Spirit of Labor" is any criterion of his work and attitude he looks upon the labor movement without a particle of sympathy and without a symptom of insight.

In these days to photograph an individual is no great trick and adds little to the world's store. To assume that when you have photographed an individual you have photographed a million is a very foolish trick.



An idle army, mobilized with every expectation of active service, held in check upon the border, restless, belligerent, aggressive, has

Potential Trouble

about the same potentialities as so much nitro-glycerine. It is perfectly obvious that trouble of a most convincing kind can be started at any moment. It is equally obvious that the powers that engineered these "manœuvres" must be well aware of the possibilities.

A few raids over the line, real or mythical; a few hasty errors in judgment with shots fired and somebody hurt; a few supposed outrages against Americans—and the fuse is touched. Once started, once launched upon Mexican soil, the army cannot be recalled until its work for capitalism is done. Cheap patriotism forbids it.

The present situation justifies the gravest suspicions and anxieties. The United States, through the imbecility and lackeyism of the administration, stands at the brink of the frightful abyss of war. A single impulse and the plunge may become inevitable.

The Putterer hurled the army south under peremptory orders from his masters. Universal popular disapproval gave him pause. But it is not shown that he has abandoned the scheme. He has done nothing, said nothing, allowed nothing to be said that would indicate a withdrawal from the colossal blunder.

Frightened he was, when he looked upon a coldly distrustful people and saw that he was left without supporters. Anxious he still is to stifle criticism and to prevent inquiry into his motives. Meanwhile he has the tremendous advantage which every passing day gives him, accustoming the public to the presence of the troops on the frontier and offering endless opportunities for the lighting of the spark.

No man can do more than protest. But every man who feels his blood stir at the thought of Mexican liberty slain by American bayonets in the interests of the common enemy, capitalism, will continue to protest as long as he can speak.

Mr. Bryan is wondrous busy these days inquiring anxiously after Democratic possibilities for 1912, calling all good Democrats to come forward with their suggestions, scanning the horizon for the next standard bearer—and meanwhile carefully sharpening a beautiful, long knife that can be carried up the sleeve.

"Business is war," declares a speaker before the Congress of Technology at Boston. And as General Sherman said—

A Promising Young Man

By Sinclair Lewis



GILBERT STRATHAM, JR., wore ties in quite the best taste and was, in fact, in every way a promising young man. He had graduated from the Harvard Law School with enough scholarship credit to be known as earnest, and enough practice in passing tea-cups to be regarded as

a good scantling for the structure called Society. He was good to look at and played polo. He was with the legal end of a great Insurance Company; he went to a Fifth Avenue Church nearly every Sunday morning; he played a good, not too good, game of bridge; and he never touched, when alone, the bottles of Scotch and Vermouth which he kept for friends, in his Washington Square bachelor apartments. His chief knew that he could be trusted to handle a legal detail, conduct a daughter, and vote the straight Republican ticket. There seemed no doubt that Gilbert Stratham, Jr., would make ten thousand a year and be a vestryman.

But Miss Gene Hohnstein appeared on his immensely respectable though rather flat horizon. She was a Socialist, and quite too busy to remember that there was such a thing as working at being respectable. Gilbert met her at a committee of the Child Welfare and School Lunch Association. He was much disgusted with her for declaring, with a warlight in her eyes, that all this Benevolent Philanthropy was a pest about the place. Also he was much disgusted with himself for remembering her earnest face with most disturbing interest. Not merely that; not at all. When he might have been skating during a respectable week-end at a highly respectable country-house, Gil took the time to meet her at branch of Socialist Local New York, of which she was organizer. Of course, he made his first visit to the branch with that amused cynicism which is the only respectable manner of treating a thing like Socialism when one is a Promising College Man. Nevertheless, he went there several other times, and managed to speak with her, again and again. He found that she had shocking beliefs—such as that the Night Court for Women was a reeking shame.

Gil felt it necessary to rescue this rather nice person from such a slough of Youthful Radicalism; and he took off a little of his highly occupied time to visit the Night Court.

He approached the long, dingy room, in the Jefferson Market, with the well-bred diffidence which is to be found in mice, frightened young stenographers and promising young men.

"Take off yer hat!" roared a court officer at him, before he had entered. Gil was over six feet and could box. He wasn't at all afraid of any policeman. But, of course, he was afraid of things-in-general, as must be the mystified man who supposes that things that are must be right. And Gil snatched off his hat with deprecating meekness, and started to sit down, very mously, in the seat nearest the door.

"Git over on the other side of the room!" snarled the officer, and Gilbert meekly crossed to the men's side, where leering Tammany youth of the cigar store type come to have cheap sport in watching the misery of women and, incidentally, to make notes on the prostitutes who may be pronounced free from disease.

Gilbert felt uneasy among them. He wished he hadn't come on this quest. Surely he might have convinced Gene Hohnstein that she was silly without thus risking his reputation by mingling with the unwashed-of-spirit. He sat fidgeting. The magistrate was not on the bench; no prisoners were in the docket; and Gilbert was greatly bored by watching two officers pace dully on the other side of the rail shutting off the spectators. He felt more than ever that this business of mixing in civil activities

was a mistake; or at least something that should be left to properly trained Philanthropic Workers. Respectable persons like himself, and deep-eyed girls like Gene Hohnstein, should stay home. (Especially should she. Home—Women's Sphere. And she could adorn it. He'd looked up her parentage. Her father was poor, but, really you know, quite respectable. Almost promising. She would be—)

Just then the magistrate came in, and Gilbert was relieved to see that it was all as he had expected. The magistrate was a most refined and just looking gentleman, whose very mustache spoke of propriety. Only the absurdity of misguided youth could find in him any vaguest suggestion of injustice.

Gilbert was pained to see three prostitutes led forth and sworn. Two were gaudy women-things, whose painted cheeks looked like live poison to him; and he was not sorry to see them sent up. He quite approved the diligence with which the young detectives had ferreted out these hussies. For he had a quite sincere abhorrence of the unclean. Gil really was sincere.

But Gil's satisfaction with the Night Court was shaken when the third prostitute appeared. She was frail and pretty as a wild rose. She did not seem to be a brazen, deliberately evil monster. Gilbert wondered if it was not possible that there was some truth in an assertion he seemed to have heard: that prostitutes were the victims of society. He was very sorry for the girl. He would have liked to



She let him go bail for her.

have his gentle sister, or Gene Hohnstein, come and talk to this girl, and love her back from the paths of sin. (That is, if it were possible to allow any lady at all connected with the Clan Stratham to be soiled by even a distant knowledge of so sinful a thing as this girl.) Sorry for her though he was, Gil realized, of course, that the magistrate was justified in bellowing at her and browbeating her and confusing her. Gil had to swallow harder and harder to get that down, but he was at length satisfied that if girls make their bed of sin they must lie in it, and all the other terrible beliefs which one victim of the system is taught to hold regarding others.

The next two cases were obviously of the sort demanding punishment. They were shirt waist makers, who had interfered with their employer's interests, while on strike. Gil knew how hard is the lot of the employer, for he had talked with many gentle and well-bred employers, in delicate libraries. He felt only disgust for a woman who could so far forget her womanhood as to brawl in the streets, and so far forget the decencies of business as to foment trouble, when—

And then Gilbert Stratham, Jr., stood up in his place and remained standing, defiant of the court officer's loud whispers to him. He smashed his

derby, his decorous six-dollar derby, down on the seat behind him, and strode out into the aisle leading to the bar. For the next prisoner, accused of disturbing the peace while picketing for the shirt waist strikers, was Miss Gene Hohnstein.

Dazed, Gilbert saw that she was calm and business-like; calm, and unashamed. She did not even seem indignant at the terrible mistake. (Gil knew that it was, of course, a mistake.)

The court officer rushed up and plucked at his sleeve. "What do you want? Sit down till His Honor finishes this case!" Gil pushed him back, without knowing that he was doing so, and strode to the bar. There was no respectable mousiness in his manner. It was the manner of a pioneer waiting, with musket level, for circling Indians; very calm, tremendously prepared. He was very straight and tall and simple; and, from the way he held his fists, he was ready to fight.

The two officers on the other side of the bar looked at him curiously, as he laid his great hands on the bar, clenched, knuckles up, and addressed the magistrate:

"Your Honor, I'm not accustomed to procedure in a magistrate's court. But I'm a member of the bar—with Layton of the Invincible—and I wish to bail out this young lady. Immediately!" He looked not at Gene, but straight into the eyes of the magistrate, and his voice, the clear correct voice of the Strathams was proudly raised as he ended, defiantly: "She is a friend of mine, and I wish to have the dignity of this false arrest investigated—"

"Young man!" glared the magistrate. "I shall find you in contempt of court in about three seconds. Will you be so kind as to wait till I get around to the matter of bail? Or shall I fine you—"

"Fine and be damned!" Gil suggested calmly, and sat down in the front row. Of course, the magistrate ignored his remark. Gil was a Respectable Person and the magistrate belonged to the same club as did Gilbert's father. He was sorry that Gil should be here, publicly drunken, but—

Gil had sprung something of a surprise on himself. He was interested to find how ready he was to fight the magistrate and all three of the officers together. But that surprise was but small compared with one to come.

For Miss Gene Hohnstein remarked, quietly, that she declined to be admitted to bail. . . . She looked down at Gil somewhat chillily. She could not admit his right thus to disarrange her protest against the police system and the courts.

Gil begged the magistrate to allow him to speak with her. It was granted. He prepared to argue with her—they

to throw himself on her mercy.

Gene watched him come through the gate in the railing; and she saw that in his new finer bearing was the unmistakable strength of the class-conscious; the ineradicable sign that he was now conscious of life and love and manhood. He was no longer a Gentleman by Profession. He was a man.

She divined that here was the chance to let him act on his sudden realization of life. She smiled a little as there came to her a whimsical perception that he had been—"converted!" It was a disappointment not to go to prison; but, warning him with her quick, clear smile that he was committing himself to the cause of protest, she let him go bail for her.

They walked together up the aisle. As Gil stopped to retrieve his hat, a broad young man with a smirk winked at him a suggestion of salacious appreciation. Gil—why, he just sort of went on and over him! and the young man murmured grievously, "Can't take a joke," while the outside court officer scowled. He did nothing more compromising than scowl, as Gil came shouldering toward him. Gil wasn't comporting himself like an approved passer of tea-cups. He'd been developing shoulders, here, recently.

Come up to one of these little restaurants, and

(Continued on page 4.)

ALEXANDER IRVINE, COVENANTER

BY FRANK STUHLMAN



*SOME men live near to God, as
my right arm
Is near to me; and thus they
walk about
Walled about in full proof of
faith, and bear a charm
That mocks at fear, and bars
the door on doubt
And dares the impossible.* —Prof. Blackie.

Alexander Irvine is one of the most remarkable men of today. If we could imagine "Sweet St. Francis of Assisi" turned crusader he would be the like of Irvine. In fact, the psychological problem of his position is unique in these days of half-beliefs. Here is a man whose faith is that of the heroic ages. In all his varied career God has ever been to him a living person at his side who was to be taken into account in every act of living. From the day when the barefooted, hungry scarecrow in the fields of Ireland felt that unexplainable surge of ecstasy, that the old saints called the "presence of God," this man has walked hand in hand with this mystery, trusting it, guiding his life by it without a care for results to himself.

It was a dramatic moment in his religious career, when at close of a meeting at which Bradlaugh had been speaking, the uneducated, uncouth boy, almost swept from his spiritual moorings by the powerful eloquence of that tremendous infidel, Irvine stood before him, trembling with excitement, almost inarticulate, the soul within him striving for expression. The great radical waited.

"O, Mr. Bradlaugh," said the boy, "I have a peace in my heart; I call it a belief in God. Would you take it from me?" Note the poetic temperament of the gael in this question of the unlettered youth. Could any master of rhetoric made it more effective?

And the old berserker fighter, who in his long career of strife never gave an inch to the powers of church and state, looked upon the suffering boy, and the great, compassionate heart grew tender and he answered him as kindly as if Irvine had been a child in grief over the fear of losing some precious toy.

In every phase of Irvine's life we find the imagination of the celt combined with the "mailed faith of Cromwell's men." Today his faith is like that of champions of other days. We can think of him as the red-cross knight with no captain but God, marching on to save the Holy Sepulcher; or as riding into Naseby fight with the Ironsides and a psalm on his lips; or side by side with Balfour of Burley at Bothwell Brigg with the war cry of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," or as standing on the scaffold with old John Brown with the same titanic faith and trust, for he is of the stuff those men were made of.

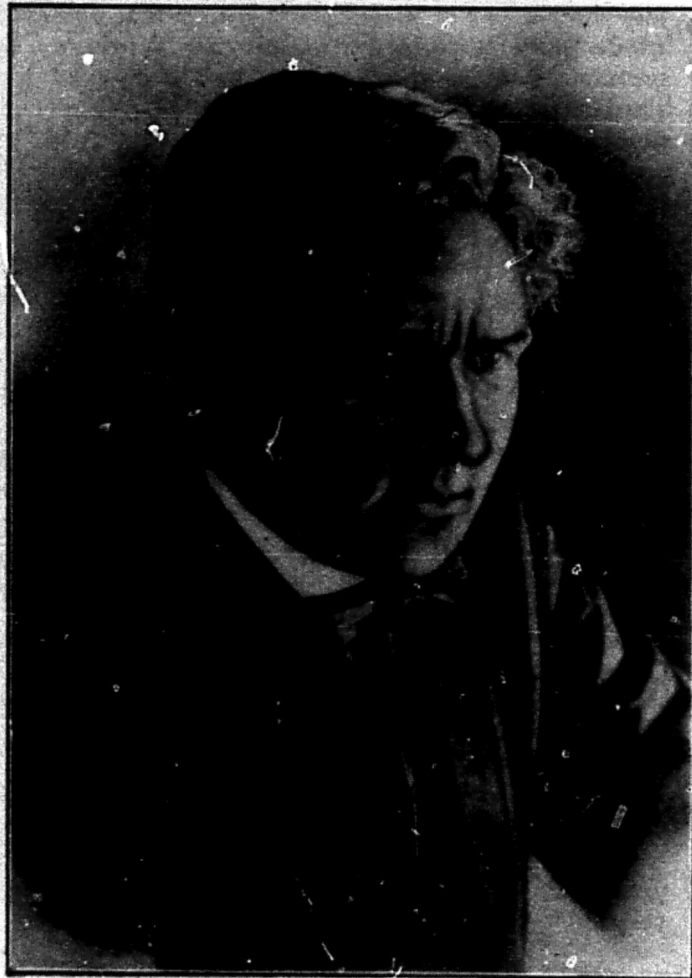
A hater of war and bloodshed, yet he has been a soldier and a good one. One can conceive of him as a soldier in some good cause who would "smite and spare not," but in the same spirit that prompted the stern Cromwell when he wrote of a grim day's work, "I trust, under God, that through this bitterness much effusion of blood will be spared."

Comrade Irvine's autobiography is one of the most vital human documents I have ever read, "From the Bottom Up," is the frank exposition of a soul without guile. It has more than the fascination of a novel. It is a "far cry" from the half-starved Irish boy, bred in almost incredible poverty and ignorance to the powerful, forceful leader of men of today. All the steps of this long weary climb are told in his wonderful book.

The grim destitution of his childhood is told with Zolaesque realism. Then follows his boyhood in various menial occupations. As a mine worker in Scotland at \$1.50 per week, he was never so weary or discouraged but that he strove for light and learning. Here he met Henry Drummond who gave him encouragement. At Glasgow he enlisted as a marine in the English navy, where his religious scruples made him the victim of much brutal persecutions by his rough associates, until human nature could endure no more; and then Irvine gave an exhibition of "muscular Christianity," that would have delighted the heart of Charles Kingsley, and thoroughly thrashed a half-a-dozen of his tormentors. After that his religious methods were properly respected.

In the navy he made his first acquaintance with the riches of English literature by reading "John Halifax, a not very advanced introduction it must be admitted, but he was in a state of mind to appreciate the book. Then a verse of Browning is grasped by the growing intellect. After that, George Eliot's great novel, "Adam Bede," is perused. In connection with this he tells the story that shows

the unconventional character of his religion. One of his fellow marines, a very narrow and bigoted sectarian who disapproved of novels, found Irvine reading "Adam Bede." "Suppose," said this censorious one, "God should come and find you reading that, what would you say?"



Alexander Irvine

"I should say, Begorra, Yer Honor, its a bully good story."

It was before he was assigned to the *Alexandra* that he made his covenant with God, "O, God," he prayed, "give me the flagship for the sake of the schooling I will get there and I will give you my life." He got the ship and Alexander Irvine has kept the contract in the spirit and in the letter. Once again he departed from his creed to thrash a bully and it was the last blow that Irvine ever struck in anger.

Now he goes up the Nile with the Gordon relief expedition, but it came too late to save the general at Kartoum. Here he suffered and fought Osman Digman's forces and yet his sympathies went out to the Sudanese who "charged the British square" going to death in defense of faith and country. Even children of ten and twelve years of age faced the deadly fire of the British guns until they lay mingled in the piles of the slain men who followed the green banner of the Mahdi. Here, too, the iron quality of Irvine's faith asserts itself. He was thought to be dying of fever, and the doctor ordered him a glass of brandy and the covenanter turned it out upon the sands and got well.

In 1888 he came to America and did any kind of work obtainable. He was janitor, porter, ran an elevator, drove a milk wagon, sewing machine agent (and this he remarks "is the lowest in the scale of human employments") and at last secures a place in a publishing house at ten dollars per week. The ability of this self-taught scholar soon caused his employers to advance his salary to one hundred dollars per month. This congenial position he gave up to become a missionary among the Bowery lodging houses at sixty dollars per month. In this Mr. Irvine differs from the average clergyman who always is able to do the "most good" where he receives the largest salary. In his new work he spent his days in trying to make men of the battered derelicts who form the variegated flotsam and jetsam that make up the underworld of the modern Babylon.

At last he is installed as pastor of the Pilgrim Church of New Haven, Conn.; and, while he drew large audiences, his radical sermons gave offense to the wealthy members.

About this time he was offered the position of assistant in the Church of the Ascension, one of the churches of the very rich in New York.

After two years of success unparalleled in the history of the church Irvine's uncompromising Christianity brought him into disfavor with the church board of managers. He had made the Sunday even-

ing service in the Church of the Assension famous. Workingmen and women crowded the church to hear this man whom the Fire of God had touched on heart and lips. As it was said of his Great Exemplar, "the common people" heard him gladly." But churchianity is not Christianity.

As soon as Irvine had severed his connection with the Church of the Ascension a group of prominent men interested in the free discussion of religious and social questions pledged themselves to furnish means to supply Irvine with an independent pulpit from which he might proclaim his message. But Mr. Irvine, realizing that the Socialist party is the only movement that either intends or desires to make a system wherein Christianity would be possible declined this friendly offer; and is devoting his life to Socialism, thus fulfilling his covenant. In this work this twentieth century Christian crusader is looming large as a national figure, standing in the front rank of the champions of Socialism.

We read how, in bygone days, stirred by a mighty impulse, king and commoner, noble and peasant, forsook all, donned the cross and fared forth to wrest Christ's Sepulcher from the Paynim's grasp. They called them Holy Wars. Today a new crusade named Socialism is being called. Its heralds are going up and down the land proclaiming the new Religion of Humanity. It is the holiest cause the world has ever known. Its object is not an empty tomb, but a redeemed world—a world without war, greed, want or tyranny. Its great leaders, Debs, Warren, Irvine and Russell, are knightlier souls than ever wore cross on breast or bore lance in hand.

Irvine is one of the prophets who is sending the fiery cross through the nation, calling upon the people to awaken in the name of God, Right and Liberty. O, Herald of the New Dawn we say to you: "Trumpeter, sound for the last crusade! Sound for the fire of the red-cross kings, Sound for the passion, the splendor, the pity That swept the world for a dead man's sake. Sound, till the answering trumpet rings Clear from the heights of the Holy City."

"Sound till the trumpets of God reply
From the heights we have lost in the steadfast sky,
From the strength we despised and rejected. Then,
Locking the ranks as they form and form,
Lift us forward, banner and lance,
Mailed in the faith of Cromwell's men,
When from their burning hearts they hurled
The gaze of heaven against the world.
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
Up to the heights again."*

*Note.—These lines are from a noble poem, "The Trumpet-Call," by Alfred Noyes, and published in *The Atlantic*.

A Promising Young Man

(Continued from page three)

have a cup of coffee, and let's talk it over," said Gil, when they were out on Sixth Avenue. "See here. When you are my wife, I warn you, I shan't allow you to contaminate yourself by—"

Gene was biting her lips. It was wholesome to hear the new manliness in Gil's voice; but when she realized that he was attempting to take her as a matter of course, not only to direct her like a child, but even to forbid her that Social War in which she was an enlisted soldier, she was too indignant to allow herself to speak, at first. Defiant, yet very careful—she must not too greatly discourage this big man whose child-soul had at last been born—carefully she said, and low, "Gilbert, you're wrought up something large and terrible, child. Please don't visit it on me to the third and fourth hours. Really, I'm not sure it's safe to take even coffee with you."

"Gene! Don't evade. Promise you'll let me do the fighting. I'll do it. I'll join my local. I'll have something to say—first, of course, something to think—about this court and all it means. But I—"

She was very gentle with him. "I'm glad of that, but do you think a person of no importance, like me, could keep out of the fight when nice people, like you, are willing?"

"Gene! Stop it! Promise—"

"Won't!"

Exactly like two children, they glared at each other, stopping in the shadow of an Elevated pillar. Then, together, they fell to laughing. Being a radical, Gene had a sense of humor, and it was catching.

Gil smiled, "Well promise me, anyway, you'll let me go to jail when you do—comrades both!"

"Comrades!" she answered; and the smile of her was like sunshine upon a flower, there in the shade of the grimy Elevated.

A "SHELL GAME"

And the Strike of Button Workers at Muscatine---A Story of Misery, Oppression and Thug Violence



"STRIKE" of three thousand pearl button workers, men, women and children, at Muscatine, Iowa is just finishing its eighth week. It began in a "lock-out", and it will end—well we hope that will be decided by the support of working people and lovers of freedom, everywhere.

The prosperity of Muscatine which has a population of about eighteen thousand, depends mainly upon the pearl button industry. There are a dozen large button factories in the city besides a number of small ones; there are the machine shops which manufacture and repair button machinery; and there are the markets, stores, real estate business, theaters, nickle-shows, etc., etc., which hang on the skirts of the button factories. Today, the city is like the palace of the sleeping beauty. Trade has dropped in its tracks. The saw and hammer rust in disuse. The traveling salesman sit listlessly in the window chairs of the Grand hotel, their sample cases unlocked, their eyes fixed on space. Everything waits. And this is Muscatine's first great lesson in democracy by which it is learning that it is not a dozen "pillars of society," but the great rank and file of working people who make the prosperity of a community.

Pearl buttons are made from clam shells, and the button business of Muscatine has been, in more senses than one, what the strikers call a "shell game." The wage system, hitherto in force, reminds one of childhood play at "Eatton, Button, Who's Got the Button?" The contents of pay envelopes have depended on a guess. The guessing has been all done by the companies; and the companies have been guessing lower and lower, each season. But it now looks as though they will have to "guess again" and guess higher, and that "Who's Got the Button?" will not always be answered in the same old way. For the main issue of this strike is a fair method of counting and weighing piece-work.

"Estimating" Wages

The first process in the factories is "cutting." From each clam shell, a man cuts from three to six "blanks," thicker or thinner, according to the size and thickness of the shell. He must cut up the entire shell, and is paid by the gross. The "cutter" carries his buckets of blanks to a "weighman" who scoops up a "batch" of blanks, and separates what he autocratically calls good and "second" grades, making his price estimate upon what he chooses to call good (Though all blanks are later finished and sold, workers are not paid for "seconds"). The weighman estimates that if there are so many good blanks in a batch of a certain weight, the entire contents of the pail would give the total amount of good blanks to be paid for. And up to the present time, there has been no public standard of weights and scales. So, if the weighman does not happen to like the color of your eyebrows, there will be more "seconds" than "firsts" found in your pails and your little daughter may not get her overshoes. This seems unbelievable, but it is actual truth!

And is there no redress, no appeal? Yes, one way of improving the "count" has been devised, and here it is: The weighmen are sometimes called "Shylocks," for the following reasons: It is the custom for companies to hold back a week's pay, and workers usually receive their first week's pay envelope at the end of the second week's work, and so on. If they wish to draw pay, earlier, the weighman will advance the money at a charge of 5 or 10 per cent for the accommodation. Some of the workmen discovered that when weighmen discounted pay, in this manner, there was a better "count," from which the Shylock as well as the worker profited. Girls and women, who do the grinding and finishing, were even more at the mercy of weighmen, as they were not allowed to be present at the weighing. Their main hope, therefore, was to be "popular."

The "Clam Lords"

The trade union is at present, the only means by which workers can protect themselves from such methods. And the sole issues now between the employes and their locked-out employes are, first, that there shall be no discrimination against members of the union; and second, that a fair method of weighing and counting work shall be devised and

By Gertrude Barnum



PEARL MCGILL

MABEL LANG

made secure by an arbitration committee. But Muscatine manufacturers, though having a strong organization of their own, refuse to sit in the same room with representatives of the union, even for a "conciliatory conference."

An arbitration agreement, drawn up by disinterested business men of the city; and agreed to by the union, was presented to these haughty "Lords of the Pearl Button City," April 7th; but they refused to sign it, claiming that it might be construed as a recognition of the union. They prefer a settlement forced upon the people by hunger, destitution and "martial law," to one agreed to by the peaceful method of just arbitration. Yet these are the men who so piously deprecate violence!

Those who know these "Clam Lords" are not surprised at the coldness of their hearts, their inhuman indifference to the wrongs of their faithful partners, the skillful, hard working men and women who have made their fortunes for them. The biographies of these clammy aristocrats should be published, in order to inculcate in the minds of young Americans the true precepts of our competitive age, and point the way to that great Mecca of today—"Success."

Several eloquent chapters from the lives of the "three wise men" who are partners in the ownership of one plant, might be contributed by a young, pretty woman of twenty, whose year old baby has inherited her own virulent throat trouble, contracted at the grinding machines.

How They Got Their Start

"One of the partners," says she, "used to be a brick moulder in summer, and in winter he sawed wood at \$1 per cord. But somehow he got a little money and started a cutting plant. He had to borrow an express cart to haul his freight, and his men were not paid for weeks at a time, though he worked them night and day. They stuck to him because they belonged to his fraternal society, 'The Improved Order of Red Men'; but when he got up in the world, he forgot what they had done for him, and locked them out. He's worth his \$150,000, now."

He may be tolerated by "Red Men," but hardly by an "Improved Order of White Men!" we reflect.

"Another partner in our firm is worse than that," continues this young biographer: "He was employed by the president of the factory where he worked, to go south with \$10,000 to buy shells and pearls for the company. Instead, when he got south, he went into business for himself with their \$10,000.

He bought shells and pearls and sold them to rivals of his own company. And the neighbors were feeding his wife for awhile. He cleared \$15,000 by that deal, after paying back the company's \$10,000 when he got good and ready. It was all proved up in court. He invested some of that money in our factory; that was about ten years ago and now he's rich. All baby and I have, is our coughs." The third and wealthiest partner in this industrious and thrifty firm, is the man who told the strikers, recently, that a dollar per day was enough for any working girl.

Is it surprising that these "captains of industry" wish to continue to "run their business in their own way," unhampered by outside interference in the form of just arbitration? These "leading citizens" are succeeding well with the present "gambling game." And who cares for the grinder girl's baby? Who asks for the human side of the story?

Handling Decaying Flesh

Let us begin with the gathering of clam shells and then go through a button factory, to consider its processes for a moment, from the human point of view.

Shell raking used to be done right in Muscatine, in the Mississippi river, which borders the city; but latterly, it has been found more profitable to import shells from further south, "Arkansas way," where labor is cheap, and the shells are brought up by rail and dumped into huge tanks in the "cutting plants." Here, they are "treated" and soaked in water; and the stench from decaying particles of dead clams and muscles smells to heaven. Button workers have to stir up this vile mess, every time they go for a bucket of shells, dipping into the filth with their bare hands and arms. The theory that these tanks are kept properly flushed and disinfected is probably inherited from a former, semi-human period of the industry. For it does not fit the facts of today.

"Cutting" is the first factory process, and it is done on machines which revolve so-called "saws" which bore through the clam shell, cutting from each as many "blanks" as the shell will allow. The fine, big Iowa men who stand at these machines look like states senators, or rather, as state senators ought to look, and will, some day. But here stands one, whose hand is rotting with "shell poisoning," contracted from fetid tank water. The dead, white, swollen fingers are perforated through to the bone, the palm is dropping away in crumbling lumps. But the man stands stoically fixing his new "saw" in place, for the next size "blanks."

"Ugh," we shudder, "can't you do something for it?"

"Oh, I put stuff on but we're working in water all the time, you see, and it washes right off. My cousin's got the poison in his blood. They die of that, you know."

"Why don't you stop work for awhile?"

"Well, this is a busy season and I've got a family."

And this man is not sure of a fair count of the "blanks" for each of which he risks his life?

Grinding Shells and Lives

It is now "closing time" and all these splendid, upstanding American citizens take turns "washing up" in the only way provided—in a button tub where germ-filled blanks have been soaking) one after another using the same filthy water. This factory is commonly called "the Mule Barn," as it was formerly used for mules. The name does not seem inappropriate, though it is considered one of the most sanitary and "fair" factories, and there is no strike here.

"Grinding," the next process, is generally done by machines run by children or girls; though there is a man at "Webber's plant," sitting on a high stool, where he has been sitting for eighteen years, holding up by hand, one by one, blank after blank, ten hours a day, against an old fashioned grind stone. Proper precautions are not taken in many factories, to "suck-up" shell dust in waste pipes. So little boys and girls suck it up with every breath. What does go up the waste pipes is scattered from the chimneys over the town.

"Centering" and "drilling" are the next processes, usually in the hands of girls and women. With the new automatic machines they are done together. It is these machines which give the clue to the crippled fingers, nipped thumbs, mangled wrists and arms,

which are so common a sight in Muscatine. "I've never lost a single finger from the machines in this factory," is the proud and unusual boast of one of the small plants which is on the "fair list."

Buttons are bevelled, polished and colored in what are called "churns," but few men are required to oversee this part of the work.

Wearing Out the Eyes

Then come the "sorters," and most of these girls wear glasses. "It's awfully nervous work," they say. Watch their fixed stare at the gleaming, many-colored buttons scattered on the black tables. Watch the miraculously deft performance of each of the ten fingers—the tension, the swiftness and sureness. Remember that it is for at least ten hours a day, six days per week, fifty-two weeks a year. And you will understand the glasses and the nervousness.

"We can go back to work in the evening if we want," say the "day-finishers." "The machines are

bought at low rates from rival coal companies who wish to keep the good will of their former patrons, the people. Solicitors for funds are busy in Iowa towns and in Chicago, St. Louis and New York city, and so far the response has been steady and generous.

The key to the strike is held by the women unionists. There are nearly a thousand of these staunch women and girls, who are very skillful workers, and it would be much more difficult for manufacturers to fill their places than those of the men "button cutters." In neighboring towns can be found cutting factories and cutters, but the "finishers" are scarce, and their work is too difficult to teach to imported "strike breakers." These girls and women are enthusiastic members of various strike committees, and lead the procession, showing no signs of capitulation, although their wages have not been cut to such an extent as those of the men. It is pure social passion which actuates many of them in these trying days, and no special concern for their

the accounts of that memorable "charge of the heavy brigade," to account for the excitement and rage which filled the hearts of Muscatine citizens of all classes. The entire community arose to demand the instant removal of the "specials." Just indignation leapt so high that the sheriff withdrew police power from the Chicago brutes. However, being thoroughly unfit to understand the local conditions he appealed to the governor for troops. The manufacturers, at last had the satisfaction of seeing their original hope realized, for four companies of the Iowa national guard were ordered to Muscatine on April 15th, under the command of Gen. Guy A. Logan.

After the departure of the "thugs," the peace and quiet which had reigned in the city before their advent, settled once more over the "Pearl City," making the arrival of the militia, with the khaki suits and camping accoutrements, look like a scene from a comic opera.

But the end is not yet. Now, as never before, the strike is on. And it has assumed national importance. Another issue has been raised. One which concerns the whole of America. It is the issue of the right of peaceful assembly.

Free born people may remain apathetic while workers are herded all their best years in "mule barns"; while men are "buncoed" of their earnings; while women are poisoned and blinded at their daily drudgery; while children are maimed by unprotected; while young girls are thrown into prison, without jury trial. But America will not tolerate the brutal tactics which have resulted in the introduction of the disgrace of "martial law" in an innocent, peaceful American city.



Clam Fishing Outfit, Muscatine, Iowa

kept running. The night girls work from six in the evening till six in the morning, with an hour off for lunch. They put in some of the lunch hour cleaning, of course. You have to be always cleaning, whether the machines are going or not, the dust piles up so. Its dangerous, though. It took them an hour to get Mary's arm out of the machine, the day it got crushed. They had to take the machine apart."

Lastly comes the "carding," and this is done by "button sewers" at home, at six cents per gross. Mothers are helped by young children they are supporting. They sometimes earn as much as six cents per hour. It is a good bargain for the "Clam Lords" for they are saved rent, fuel, light and needles. Besides, there is less danger of trade unions among "home workers."

Old methods of button factories might have continued for some time longer, had it not been for the "shut-down," at the end of February. But that resulted in a so-called "strike," the history of which can be summed up in a few words.

Leave the Union or Your Job

Hearing that their employes were forming a trade union, employers called a meeting which resulted in a "shut-down" of all the factories February 25th. When they were re-opened, two weeks later, "the Hawkeye and other plants demanded that the members repudiate the union or remove their tools from the plant." There are signed statements from employes to this effect, which can be verified under oath. The union therefore declared that the so-called "shut-down" was in fact a "lock-out" for union members; and refused to go back under such conditions. They made two simple demands; one, that there shall be no discrimination against members of the union; the other, that there shall be an arbitration committee to devise and secure a fair method of counting and weighing work. All other grievances are waved.

The manufacturers, refusing arbitration, stated that if necessary they could hold out six months or more, and the workers took them at their word and prepared for a long seige. Securing a deserted saloon (Muscatine has "gone dry") the treasurer of the union and a few enterprising co-workers "skirmished round" for cook stoves and second-hand kitchen and dining-room equipment, and opened a "Strike Restaurant" with volunteer cook, scullery men and "union waitresses" from among the girl button "finishers." Here single men and girls (who do not live with their families) are fed and served economically, three meals per day and kept in good cheer.

Feeding the Fighters

Families in need of provisions are supplied by the "Relief Committee" from strike headquarters with "Strike Rations," through the grocers with whom such families are accustomed to deal. The grocers allow 10 per cent discount on orders. Coal is

own interests. They are large, handsome American girls, as a rule, standing for American standards of life and labor.

From the first, the manufacturers have pursued an outrageous policy of misrepresentation through the press, of bribery of the poor by offers of double wages, and of intimidation through hired "thugs" and "sluggers." False stories of rioting have been inserted in newspapers in all cities, where agents of the Button Workers were endeavoring to get moral and financial support.

Nothing of the hideous conditions prevailing in the factories had ever reached the general public, yet columns were given to grossly exaggerated accounts of everything which seemed to threaten the absolute over-lordship of the "bosses" who had been misgoverning those factories for years. After the very first squabbles near the plants, an appeal for "troops" was sent conspicuously to the governor. This absurd plot being laughed to pieces by the state commissioner of labor, manufacturers proceeded to import and arm with guns, twenty infamous "sluggers" from Chicago. Men who had been used by manufacturers in the great garment strike in that city. These were sworn in as "special police," and ordered to dash with clubs upon any groups of strikers who might gather in the streets, and arrest them on the charge of "unlawful assembly." So ready were these "plug uglies" for their congenial task that they astonished and shocked even the "Clam Lords" who had imported them.

Thugs at Work

One afternoon, at a given signal, they leapt into the public streets, brandishing clubs, tramping down shoppers, fracturing the heads of merchants on their doorsteps, chasing a strolling minister of the gospel to his home, etc., etc. "A lad of sixteen was clubbed in the back of the head, knocked down, and kicked repeatedly in the side, after he had run as fast as he could to comply with the order to "Move on."

"Louis Faulhauber, 1069 Hershey avenue, received three blows over the head as he was coming out of a pool room. The 'specials' seeing him chased him to the back of the pool room. Edward Vaupel, 402 Evans street, was grabbed by the collar, knocked down and beaten about generally. It was the first time he had been out of his home for an airing for some time, as he had been suffering from rheumatism. City Sexton John Kobes (who wore his star) was knocked down three times and beaten over the head. At each blow he averred that he was an officer, but the "Special" ruthlessly continued his attack.

Rosie Deitrich, aged ten years, shopping with her mother, was knocked down and run over in the onward rush of the "officers," who threw her against an iron fence, cutting her face and bruising her body severely. She suffered from nervous chills, through the night."

It will hardly be necessary to quote further from

Good Only for Work

BY CHARLES W. CASSON



NUMBER of Polish immigrants were landing at Ellis Island one day last summer. A capitalist was standing near by, watching their arrival. Pointing to one of them, he said to a companion, "Look at his eyes. He knows nothing but work. He is the kind of stuff we want here." His remark was typical of the capitalistic attitude toward those who are coming from across seas to share our national life. It showed the real character of the interest felt in the immigrant poor by those who have pledged themselves to the service of mammon.

Then spoke the slave-driver, surviving under a new guise, and working his fell designs under new conditions. Such a man would have every wharf a slave-block, where muscled poverty might be bought and driven to the profit-making task.

Is there no higher ideal than this? Is there nothing better to look for in the eyes of the workers of this country than the dull doggedness of the laboring brute? Is there nothing better to demand from those who make their first step toward American citizenship on Ellis Island than the slavish quality of the submissive ox? Is that the kind of man we want in America?

Capital has only a money standard. Of the real man-value it cares nothing at all. To it a man is worth what he can produce by his labor, less the amount for which he can be bought by wage. The man is ever sacrificed for the margin. Commercially and capitalistically considered, the ideal worker is the ignorant or spiritless brute who knows nothing but work.

Such a spirit would soon transform this republic of ours into a veritable China of commerce. It would reproduce under new conditions the worst in the old feudalisms of the past. It would make democracy an impossible dream, freedom a farce, and the ideal republic as far away and unreal as the vapping cloud in the summer sky.

The time has come when we must adopt a higher and worthier standard, if this republic is to endure in more than name. Every immigrant is a man, a Man, with possibilities not only of labor, but of love, strength, purity, nobility. If he knows nothing but labor there is a terrible indictment resting upon society, and every member of it. If he knows only work, God save the country!

Every man waits the comrade touch to waken him to a consciousness of his better self, and to stir him to his best and noblest. And this possibility can be given only through the new social compact that we call Socialism, which guarantees to every man that equality of chance whereby he may attain the best. The only religion worthy the name is that which seeks to give this comrade-touch and this social guarantee.

"The heretic of today is the accepted teacher of tomorrow. Orthodoxy, commonly accepted knowledge, only speaks of what the world already knows."

SUICIDAL RUSSIA

By Edgar White Burrill.

In all sections of St. Petersburg there is raging each winter an epidemic of suicide. Unlike the annual devastation by famine, which affects the country population, or the widespread menace of cholera in the cities each summer, this epidemic attacks well-to-do persons of fashionable society. Tired of life, they seek death, some journeying to Finland to throw themselves into the romantic Imatra rapids, some giving poisoned banquets, others organizing mutual shooting-matches. One suicide club, called The Hunter and Tiger, selects a member by lot, who puts on a silver bell and plays tiger in a dark room, where another member, blindfolded, but guided by the sound of the bell, is allowed six shots at him. Then if he misses the "tiger," the roles are reversed and the hunter becomes the tiger. Another society has champagne evenings, where one among twenty bottles of champagne is drugged with morphia.

What a significant commentary this makes upon the useless, remorseful lives of the bureaucrats! But while they are seeking death in these wierd ways, there are thousands of better men who are forced to kill themselves in the crudest, most painful ways in order to escape the no longer endurable agony of physically tortured existence.

Only a little while ago a typical case occurred in the prison at Vilna. An unknown man, despite his emphatic denials of any knowledge of the charged crime, was convicted and sentenced to death on the most circumstantial evidence, for "complicity." Knowing that in the few days before his execution, he would, according to custom, be beaten and tortured by the warders, he poured the contents of his cell lamp over his head and set fire to it. Fearing that in the agony which he knew must follow he might scream, he stuffed his mouth full of rags, and only after the fumes had penetrated to the guard-house was his body discovered.

The jailers who allowed this desperate man thus to cheat the gallows will, in turn, go to Siberia. If they had simply beaten him half to death, they would not even have been reprimanded. Of course, such a law, which allows them to be as cruel as they like so long as the living body of the condemned man is forthcoming at the proper time, officially encourages brutality. And this case is only one out of 160 verified and officially acknowledged suicides that have taken place in the prisons within a short time after the attempted Revolution of 1906.

Sufferings in Siberia.

But the plight of those miserable creatures who are condemned to living death in the ice-bound fastnesses of northern Siberia is even worse. In those desolate marshes the suicides are more frequent, because there is no escape from the terrible and continuous bodily suffering.

In many ways the condition of these deported people is worse than that of exiles twenty years ago, for today a large number are sent to regions quite unsuitable for habitation, and populated only by isolated huts of savages. Moreover, while formerly the political exiles chiefly consisted of students and "intellectuals," today the bulk of them is composed of workmen and peasants deported either for being concerned with strikes, for taking part in agrarian disorders, or simply for being considered by the local police as suspicious or as revolutionary sympathizers; and these "unprivileged" classes, according to the law, receive even less consideration and less financial aid than the former "intellectuals." Too often, however, they cannot obtain from the exile stations even the insufficient means of subsistence that the law allows.

There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the criminal prisons of central Siberia, if not the political prisons there and particularly elsewhere, are much improved. Three hundred years ago, when the exile system was first in vogue, not only political offenders, but civil criminals as well received most barbarous punishments. Mutilation of the body was common, including amputation of limbs, and all manner of terrible tortures.

Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century these creatures, hideously maimed and scarred, were transported to remote sections of the newly acquired Siberia, and left there to die. But with the abolition



The Imatra Rapids.

of bodily mutilation, exile came to be the common penalty for almost all crimes. At this time, too, the immense mineral wealth of Siberia came to be known, and the convicts were set to work exploiting the country. This utilization of exile labor for the development of the empire's natural resources is still going on.

Murdered in the Mines.

At varying periods the misery of these enforced workers in the Siberian mines and quarries has become unbearable, and epidemics of suicide have swept away hundreds and thousands. The cruelest slavery of the South or of the Congo was hardly comparable to the sufferings and tortures endured by these poor exiles. Crowded prisons reeking with disease have alternated with the back-breaking, whip-lash servitude of the day.

The cells of men and women have become so putrid with filth that the inmates, grown foul with disease, have quickly gone insane. In 1900 the Czar issued an imperial decree doing away with political banishment to Siberia; but this edict, like many of his other futile ukases, had no effect. It was issued more to please other European powers than to influence the steady stream of exiles still pouring along the pitiless pathway to death. Most of the officials themselves have now forgotten that such a decree was ever promulgated.

Today, to be sure, the horrible cruelties of former times have been largely eliminated. But the government's policy, as everywhere, is just as destructive, though now more passive, secret and cowardly.

There is little, if any, mutilation now, though beatings and rough treatment still continue, to say nothing of the tortures preceding conviction and transportation. The policy of the government now, however, is to carry its prisoners to districts so remote and so out of touch with civilization that they must inevitably die of cold and hunger.

To obtain shelter they are forced to come in contact with loathsome savages, whose native gibberings and barbaric customs torture both mind and body, and whose prevalent diseases soon communicate themselves to the helpless exiles. To obtain food, they must live upon the remains of putrescent fish, carefully hoarded from the few months of comparatively warm weather when fishing is possible. Thus, officially deserted and uncared for, they quickly succumb to incurable illnesses, or to the ever-present insanity of loneliness. To avert these catastrophes, the bravest commit suicide.

Now it must be remembered that these exiles comprise the very best blood of Russia. Only the dregs of the land remain in Russia, to govern an empire of corruption. The ninety per cent of peasants are regligible still, as an influential factor in

politics, in administration, or in culture. But here, in Siberia, are the thinkers of two generations, the students, the inventors, the artists, the geniuses, the men of science, and the sons and daughters of noblemen. Here also are coming, in the present day, deportations of the "unprivileged" class of exiles: the merchants, workmen, clerks, and liberal-minded peasants. Under favorable conditions there would be built an ideal community in this wilderness; but the conditions are deplorable under which these throngs must live and under which they are transported to their final hovels in remote villages.

The usual route for exiles is from Tyumen across that desolate stretch of Siberia to the Amur river—more than 3,000 miles. This distance must be traversed on foot, as of old. More than a million exiles passed this way to the interior regions, during the reigns of Alexander II and III. Exiles arriving at Tyumen by rail are corralled in the local prison till enough have gathered. Then the overland party starts, like a herd of driven cattle, for the weary, unending tramp. Cossacks or regular troops accompany them, amusing themselves en route at the expense of the prisoners. Primitive carts carry the provisions. Many months are consumed before the ultimate destinations are reached. In the summer, convict barges transport some of the exiles by river.

For those who are to be stationed in the Arctic settlements farther north, the months of travel are but the beginning of indescribable hardships.

At the "End of the World."

At Sredni-Kolymsk there are now fourteen exiles, two being women. To reach this place they had to travel 8,000 miles from St. Petersburg by rail to Irkutsk, thence 2,000 miles to Yakutsk (called by the Russians the end of the world) by boat down the Lena river. Here they had to wait for the winter, for the desolate tracts of country from there to Sredni-Kolymsk consist chiefly of vast swamps which can be crossed in a reindeer sledge only when frozen. Here already terrible privations met them, for the few native rest-houses are hundreds of miles apart, a fact which necessitates sleeping in the open for several months at the mercy of the furious blizzards that sweep down from the Polar sea. They had neither tents nor furs, and the two women were frail and delicately nurtured. Altogether, the trip from St. Petersburg took this party two years to accomplish. Not for a year and a half would they see another fellow-creature, and those only a batch of fresh exiles to take the place of the dead among them.

For twenty-eight years no other white men had visited this place, until Mr. Harry de Windt, a London traveler, came across it. In 1881 two seamen from the Polar ship Rogers, burnt in Behring Straits, had found refuge there, and had induced the exiles to seek safety with them. One man did so, and is now living in Zion City, Ill. This settlement, like others in the region, is under the direct control of the secret police, who have installed a convicted criminal as local head of the settlement here. He is an illiterate brute, who ill-treats the prisoners, flogging them often into insensibility for imaginary offenses.

Most of the exiles are now being sent to these remote and desolate provinces of the north—Tobolsk, Yakutsk, and the Trans-Baikal region. No adequate provision is ever made by the government. The poor victims must catch in summer the fish which in an unpreserved, putrid condition keeps them alive throughout the long, dark winter. All they are given is a little flour, grudgingly issued by the chief of police. Transportation facilities are so primitive that the ordinary necessities of life are quite unattainable. The only furs they can procure are the mangy, discarded deerskins of the natives. A little driftwood is alone available in this treeless waste, where the temperature is sixty below zero.

Constant Semi-Starvation.

To those of the nobility, the paternal government does allow \$3 a month for food, clothing, shelter, and all other essentials of existence. But to the 85 per cent who are "unprivileged," this benign bureaucracy doles out the sum of 75 cents a month. Year after year these wretches must manage to exist on such allowances. Unless they are granted imme-



Pioneers.

BY F. K. GIFFORD.

*Oh a fickle thing is the smile of Spring,
and brave are the buds that blow,
And dear to the heart are the flowers that start
When the woods are full of snow.*

*But what care they for the frost of May,
Or the time when friends are few,
If they may smile for the little while
Ere the golden dream comes true?*

*"What matter," they said, "if we lie dead,
When all the fair things blow?
Dear to the heart are the flowers that start,
When the woods are full of snow."*

*Then let's be bold, O hearts of gold.
When friends are few or none;
And work and smile for the little while
Ere winter snows are gone.*

*We will not wait for a kinder fate,
Till all the fair things blow,
But choose our part with the flowers that start
When the woods are full of snow.*



diate support by the Revolutionary Red Cross society, they perish. And the funds of this society itself are subject to piratical depredations by such monsters as the late Grand Duke Sergius, and others.

For exiles to live on 75 cents a month is impossible. Living is too high in Siberia. Bread is 3 cents a pound. Soldiers in the army are allowed a pound a day, which alone would amount to 90 cents a month, more than the exile's total allowance. All vegetables except potatoes are unobtainable, and potatoes are sold for 30 cents a pail. Meat cannot be procured at all in the smaller places.

Disease is altogether too prevalent in these exile stations, and like semi-starvation, is expected. It is impossible for prisoners to escape contamination from infected houses and lodging-places where the very walls and floors are virulent with loathsome diseases. In one Ostiak village, such a disease was of long standing, so much so that many of the inhabitants had parts of their faces eaten away.

In the village of Felinsky 48 of the 50 houses of the village were found to be infected with this terrible secret disease. Yet 12 exiles were sent to this station permanently. In the district of Ovat Point, 60 per cent of all the houses in the 82 villages were infected in the same way. Very often decent lodging is unobtainable at the price required, so that the exile is forced to sleep in the foul huts of the native Ostiaks themselves, reeking with disease though they are. Other diseases arise from the half-decayed, salted fish that has been preserved only by a process of sun-drying in the summer. The people must often eat this bad fish or starve, for during the severe winters it is not possible to procure anything else.

Intelligence Driven to Idiocy.

Most of the settlements consist of a row of rickety log huts, with windows of ice, and a score of other dwellings even more squalid—the former tenanted by wild Yakuts, the latter, the poorer ones, by the unhappy exiles. So still and desolate are these villages that they seem as if a great plague had swept away every living soul; but presently some haggard, grey-faced beings may be seen crawling out of their hovels, watching the visitor in silent apathy.

One or two, in rags, with the faces of lepers, may limp towards the stranger, gibbering like lunatics. No doubt they had been famous lawyers and editors in Warsaw a few years before. Their only contact with the world now is by the one post a year, which brings each of them only one letter, and that one carefully censored. Only one guard or jailer is needed for each settlement here, for cruel nature replaces bolts and bars; and besides, where could they escape when no human life is within hundreds of miles?

Few of these prisoners have committed actual crime. Most of them are the best types of Russians. Civil engineers, mining engineers, physicians, students, editors, intellectual peasants, are among the number, some already scarred and mutilated by encounters with police and with official torturers. Most of them know French or German, many speaking English, too. They are all men of ideals, and of rare courage and noble fortitude. Truly the brains of Russia are in Siberia. And yet, for offenses unpunishable in other countries, they are consigned forever to this living grave, where they must occupy ramshackle, tumble-down huts that have been abandoned even by filthy, degraded natives.

Insanity Only Escape.

In the summer-time their condition is nearly as pitiable as in winter. The sun looms through dense mist; the rain continues day after day for weeks, and the huts are flooded almost continually. There are swarms of mosquitoes and violent illnesses, especially the dreaded typhus fever; of course, there is no doctor, infirmary, or even drugs available. But the most dreaded disease of all is the mental malady that invariably precedes insanity. It is a form of hysteria in which the sufferer suddenly and unconsciously mimics the speech and actions of others. This appalling affliction is unknown in other parts of Siberia, and is probably due to semi-starvation and the oppressive stillness which eternally envelops this little hell of cold and famine—the stillness of death.

These little colonies of martyrs have no books or writing materials, no mental occupation of any kind to lessen the hideous monotony of this life in death. De Windt relates the pathetic spectacle of a young and talented lady of good family from Moscow making little patterns in the snow with pebbles she had collected. If it were not for this self-imposed task, she said herself, "I should go mad." She has probably done so by now, for of the fourteen exiles in that place five were then insane. Ten suicides had occurred there in the preceding seven years.

The chief of police adds to the sufferings of these miserable captives by ill-treatment. With absolute power and sixty or seventy savage Yakuts at his

back, he is not likely to be over-tolerant or even humane. Among such men are sent for a so-called "term of years" splendid women like Mme. Breshkovskaya, a friend of many Americans and a co-worker with that patriarch of the Revolutionists, Tschaikevsky, both of whom lectured in this country some two years ago. Under these conditions, no matter what the length of sentence may be, exile is invariably a condemnation to a slow and pitiable death. Now, as years before, men and women curse as cruel the Czar's clemency that saved them from the quicker death of the gallows.

Beyond the Human Pale.

Some idea of how hopelessly inaccessible these districts are may be gained from the statement of a correspondent to the St. Petersburg *Ryech*, in 1909: "There are 700 political exiles in this immense marsh, into which the only means of communication is by rivers. The exiles are scattered along the few dry spots of the Yenisei river from Turukhansk to Yeniseisk, a distance of 720 miles; but in all, there are only 64 tiny villages. The largest of these, Sumarokovo, has but twenty houses, while most of the others have from five to seven, with from thirty to forty inhabitants. Below Turukhansk, in a tract of country 670 miles long, there are but 37 villages, the largest of which, Dudipka, contains ten houses, the others being mere post stations of one, two, or three houses. It is quite easy to see that, when fifteen or twenty exiles are settled in such small villages, they are a burden to the population, and can find absolutely no work to live upon. The result is that lately a band of men, ten at first, and later on twenty-five, went along the river plundering the houses of some of the residents. Sixty-five men are now being prosecuted, and have been marched on foot the 720 miles from Turukhansk to Yeniseisk, in order to be brought before a Court Martial. They will probably be shot, but that will be a merciful end to their sufferings."

The government, then, exiles its finest men and women to uninhabitable places, where the filthy encampments themselves breed disease. It takes no care to feed, clothe, or shelter them. It makes it impossible for them generally to find legitimate work, actually forbidding by law every kind of work suitable for educated men and women. And when the poor wretches are driven to beg or steal, in order to keep life in their bodies, it punishes them with further penalties.

Mutual Help in Misery.

The only bright feature in this otherwise dark picture is that the prisoners do everything possible to maintain each other's courage and prevent demoralization. Everywhere they have organized their own societies for mutual help, to which every one who receives any money from home pays a regular contribution of so much per cent. With this money they start soup kitchens, and wherever possible, pool their few books and papers.

Because of the fact that their presence is generally felt as a heavy burden by the native population, they must depend altogether upon themselves. Prices are very high, owing to their proportionately great numbers. Sometimes an exile has been compelled to give up all his winter clothing in order to procure shelter in a peasant's house. It is only in the

summer that they can get work at the fisheries, or, if the colony is near a town and if they are students or skilled mechanics, they may perhaps obtain employment there. In the southern, more fertile regions, where small allotments of land are sometimes given them, most of the exiles, ignorant of agricultural work because members of the "privileged" classes, are unable to make a living. But the great majority have absolutely nothing they can do, and no hope. Numbers go insane, and suicides are frequent.

Everywhere Is Life.

There is a picture by the Russian artist, Doroschenko, called "Everywhere Is Life." It shows convicts feeding doves from the railroad car which is carrying them into exile. The whirring pigeons in the foreground are full in the light, as also are the faces of the prisoners pressed against the iron bars of the car-window. The interior of the car is quite dark and dreary; but the group of convicts are feeding the doves for the sake of pleasing a little child, who, with its mother, is evidently accompanying a young man there into exile. A bearded old man looks on with honest pleasure, and a dark younger man also, whose fine, intelligent face marks him as a student. Upon all their faces is the light of cheerful resignation and of joy in the delight of the child, which can come only from an innocent conscience.

"Everywhere is life" means "Everywhere is pity, sympathy, human-kindness, except among the officials, the police, in the state, the autocracy," where such good people are torn from their hearths and sent into the icy deserts of Siberia. Two thousand young men like this fond father, with the light of spiritual and intellectual liberty still shining on their faces, went to Irkutsk in 1903; and as many more young men, to say nothing of the other deportations, have gone every year since.

And yet, in spite of this economic waste, Siberia is the future Russia and the hope of the decaying empire. In the older penal communities, in central and southern Siberia, there has arisen a strong and sturdy race, the sons of banished nobles and of educated revolutionists. This new generation traces its descent from the finest flower of Russian culture and independence, and has leavened the lump of the earlier indiscriminate criminal class.

Increased daily by the influx of other outcasts and of voluntary immigrants, they seek to form a sound and solid constituency, and to develop the resources of the land whenever possible. It is due to their efforts that the hordes of Russian civil criminals of the past are being transformed in this generation into the silent, forceful Siberian farmers of the present, who are producing the future food supply of the continent. Today they number over 4,000,000 of the total 7,000,000 population of Siberia.

The time is not far distant when this new, united race of the convict-peopled plains will come into its own. Then the long-delayed retribution will have fallen upon Russia, and have swept the old regime from off the face of the earth.

I honor any man anywhere, who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.



—From Harper's Weekly

THE WAR SCARE

The Revolt of the French Vine-dressers

By Jean Longuet

European Correspondent Coming Nation

ADVERSARIES of Socialism, especially in France, the land of the small landowner, love to declaim their pet theory that the Socialist doctrine can only apply to proletarians of the great industries, and that consequently rural inhabitants and landowning farmers need not occupy themselves with our doctrine.

All Socialist writers, however, who have treated the agrarian question, and Comrade A. M. Simons in particular in his very interesting "American Farmer," have long been bringing the fact to light that, if capitalist concentration has not been applied to agriculture as it has in industry, the same results have been brought about by a parallel phenomenon, i. e., the increasing dependence of the farmer on the great capitalist powers, *the masters of the market*.

This fact gives a clearer comprehension of the great movement among the vine dressers in the Aube district of France. This movement by its amplitude and increasing violence has profoundly influenced public opinion and has caused demonstrations of an extremely curious character.

The actual disorders began when the producers of the best-known vintage in France, *Bordeaux, Bourgogne, and Champagne*, complained bitterly against the ruinous competition of wines produced in other departments.

In Champagne, or more explicitly, in that part of the ancient province of Champagne which forms the department of the Marne, and in which are located the two most important centers for the production of champagne, Reims and Epernay, a particularly energetic campaign was conducted before Parliament to obtain the passing of a law by which the strict "delimitation" of that region would be firmly established, and the wines produced in that region "would alone have the right to the title of Champagne and would consequently be 'guaranteed' as real champagne."

The great establishments of the Marne: the "Veuve Cliquot," "Roederer," "Moet and Chandon," and other capitalist establishments, which represent some of the greatest fortunes in France, have gradually "acquired" all the vineyards of the department of the Marne, and it was through their influence, aided by a few small naive proprietors, that the "delimitation" law was passed last year. This law decided that the "wine produced in the department of the Marne" and in some of the cantons of the neighboring district, l'Aisne, should alone have the right to the champagne label. By this means the entire district of the Aube was isolated from monopoly thus created by Parliament for the benefit of big proprietors of the Marne.

But what is particularly strange in this situation is that the Aube district undoubtedly comprises the entire meridional, the southwest portion of the ancient province of Champagne, and the chief city of l'Aube, Troyes, is strictly the capital of Champagne.

The small wine growers of the Aube, however, who could not produce red wine because of the competition of the cheaper red wines of the south, Herault and Aude, found themselves deprived by the new delimitation law of the possibility of pro-



Burning official tax papers in the square at Bar Sur Aube

ducing white wines also, which until then had been sent to the establishments in Reims and Epernay for the preparation necessary for "champagne."

The unfortunate peasants of Aube found themselves reduced to abject misery. Natives of the real Champagne could no longer sell their wine as champagne, and thus compete with the great establishments of the Marne. The injustice of the measure was too apparent. Their assemblies, the local legislatures, municipal councils, voted energetic protests, and finally decided to use still more energetic means.

About the same time, the Minister of Agriculture, member of the former ministry of the renegade



Burning the capitalist exploitor in effigy

Briand, declared from the platform in Parliament that the "delimitation" had been effected and had been well effected. It was an act of defiance to the peasants of the Aube, and they arose *en masse*.

Processions numbering thousands passed through the villages of the district, converging toward the

principal centers and particularly Bar sur l'Aube, where a great demonstration took place. Deputies and senators, among them the ultra-reactionary senator, Castillard, made extremely revolutionary speeches, going so far as to say to the demonstrators, "that unjust laws must be resisted by force if necessary." Municipal councils resigned, the peasants refused to pay the taxes, and scenes of violence followed, in which the troops played an important part.

The bourgeois parties of the Aube naturally tried to give the movement the character of a movement of hatred against all the inhabitants of the Marne, in place of directing it against the capitalists alone. The Socialists of the Aube district, however, who have sent a peasant deputy to the Parliament for the last five years, a laborer, Nicholas Leandre, have decided to counteract this manoeuvre.

The Socialist Parliamentary group determined to bring about a meeting of the delegates of the two Socialist organizations of the Marne and Aube, in which the only real enemy, the capitalist exploiter, should be denounced and stigmatized.

Recent developments, since the disapproval of the "delimitation" act by the Senate, show no abatement of the disturbances. Riots have broken out in the Marne district also. Thousands of bottles of wine stored in the cellars of certain fraudulent houses in that district have been destroyed. These houses are making cheap qualities of wine and manufacturing a bogus champagne, and are thus bringing ruin and starvation to the vine dressers, who can no longer dispose of their vines at reasonable figures.

Thus it appears that the protection allowed to bogus champagnes and the unfair competition which results from the depreciation of the true champagne grape by the introduction of the fake wines, is at the bottom of the discontent and the rioting.

Moreover, the movement of the vine-dressers of the Aube, in spite of the fact that the bourgeois deputies and senators have attempted to direct it, has already taken on a character of an anti-capitalist revolt. Readers of the *COMING NATION* will observe in the accompanying illustration that the vine dressers are carrying an effigy of capitalism, bearing the inscription, "Death to this bourgeois," and which they are about to burn.

In all the demonstrations, a greater number of red flags are to be seen than the tri-color of France. The demonstrators sing the "International," the song of proletarian revolt, not the "Marseillaise," which has become the bourgeois, official song of the government.

Behind these red flags and to the strains of the "International," bourgeois deputies and senators have marched without daring to protest.

Events like those in the Aube district are significant of the crisis that is penetrating deeper, and gaining a more widespread hold in actual society. They show the progress of the spirit of revolt even among the peasants of France, whom the bourgeoisie claimed to form the indestructible pillars of its domination, in a country where they still represent more than half the population.

SHE PAYS

By William McLeod Raine

THIS is a story that two may tell,
I am the one, the other's in hell;
A story of passionate amorous fire,
With the glamor of love to attune the lyre.

She traveled the road at breakneck speed,
I opened the gates and saddled the steed;
"Ride free!" I cried as we dashed along,
Her sweet voice echoed a mocking song.

"Sin," says the preacher, "shall be washed free,
The blood of the Lamb was shed for thee."
Smugly I pass the sacred wine,
The woman in hell pays toll for mine.

How Youth's wild riot laughed through her blood,
My straight-limbed sweetheart, in reckless flood!
How I wooed and won, then tossed aside;
The hollow-eyed woman had been my pride!

Nights of the wildest revel and mirth,
Days of sorrow, remorse, and dearth,
A heaven of love and a hell of regret—
But there's always the woman to pay my debt.

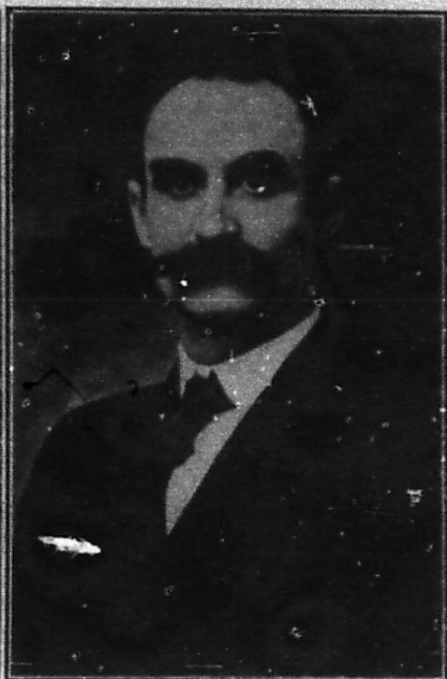
I am a pillar of Church and State,
She but the broken port of Fate:
This is a story that two may tell,
I am the one, the other's in hell.

THE VICTORY IN BUTTE

From Information Furnished by J. F. Mabie



Arthur E. Cox.



Frank Curran.



Lewis J. Duncan, Mayor.



Dan Shovlin.



Harry S. Davis.



Four eastern comrades will take a map of the United States and look at the state of Montana, they will find, on the forty-sixth line of north latitude, just east of where it crosses the one hundred and thirteenth line of west longitude, a place marked Butte.

Heretofore it has been known as "The Greatest Mining Camp on Earth." Hereafter it will be known as the first city in the inter-mountain region to adopt a Socialist administration by sweeping both the old parties off their feet with a majority such as was never before shown by the Socialist party in a municipal election in America.

Many things have contributed to this political snow slide, but chief among them is a series of the most corrupt old party administrations taken advantage of by the active propaganda work of the comrades in the local and through the unions. Up to within the last two or three years it was about as much as a man's life was worth to try to talk Socialism in the unions. Now the "Good and Welfare" time is mostly taken up with discussions of Socialism or industrial unionism, while Socialist literature is more and more in demand.

Last December the city central committee launched a little sheet known as the *Butte Socialist*. It filled a want and was a success from the start. It was enlarged for the January issue, and again, in March, it was enlarged to a six column paper and published twice during the month. The December issue was 8,000 copies. It was not enough to go around so it was increased to 10,000 copies. Still the demand increased and the last issue was of 12,000 copies. The paper is distributed free by a band of comrades who get out on Sunday morning and put it in the door of every house in Butte and suburbs. It is financed partly by the pay for advertising and partly by a number of comrades who pay one dollar a month each.

All this propaganda work going on for the last few months has had its effect on the public mind. Added to this, only a few days before election came the report of an auditing committee that had been employed by the Citizens' Committee to audit the city books for the last ten years. This report showed ample evidence of incompetency and dishonesty and scored the city officials for putting every obstacle they could in the way of the auditing committee.

Then five days before election the citizen's committee put the question to each of the candidates, asking them if they would, in case of election, go anything to prevent the people from expressing their will on the commission form of government. Comrade Duncan answered, "Certainly not. I will accept a majority as final." The other two candidates being unable to find out what was the answer of the Socialist candidate declined to answer at that time. They have not answered yet.

The democrats, who were in power, used every disreputable trick known to corrupt politics. It was known that they had registered, illegally, about a thousand men and the automobiles were busy all day hauling repeaters from one ward to another. We had a list of the illegal registrations and had men at all the polling places to challenge them but in most instances they were sworn in in spite of us and

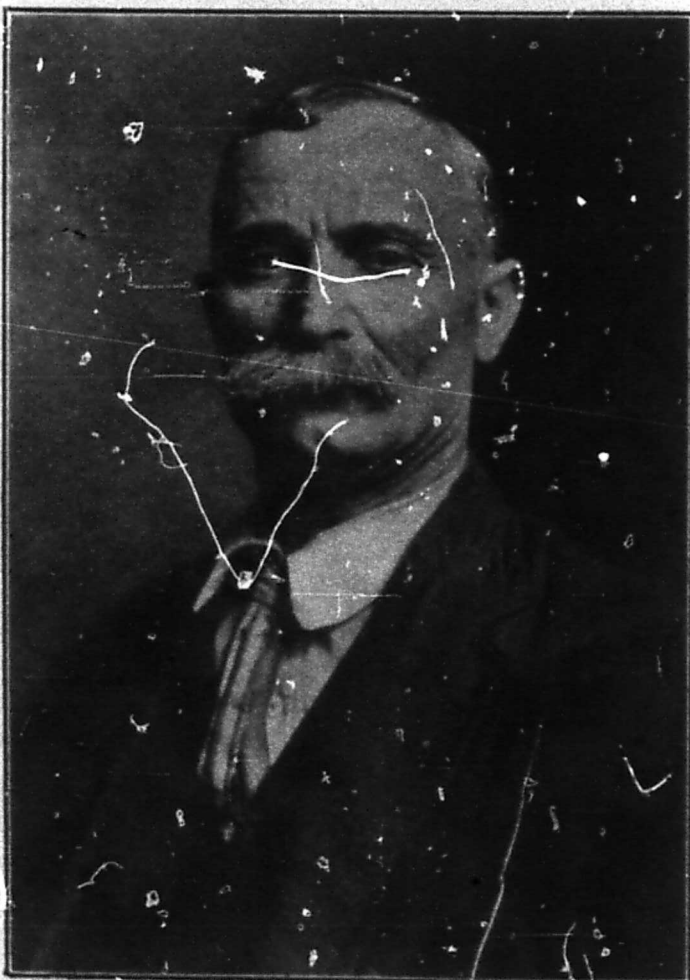
in several instances where our men were struck with the intention of creating a riot the officers refused to make arrests.

But all to no avail. The citizens of Butte had made up their minds that this loot that had been going on for years should stop. Judging from the result too there is a suspicion that some of the repeaters who were getting free automobile rides voted the straight Socialist ticket when they got in the booth.

The voting machines are used here and the result was quickly announced after the polls were closed. Comrade Duncan, for mayor had received a majority of 445 over the republican, democratic and independent candidates, and with him went the treasurer, police judge and five out of nine aldermen.

All are active local members in the Socialist party and they, as well as the rest of the comrades of the local, feel the weight of responsibility that is resting upon them. As Comrade Duncan said in the local hall in the evening after the result was known: "We have not a victory, we have only got a chance to win a victory, and the only way that we can hold our position is by fulfilling every promise we have made."

The comrades have a tremendous task and they all realize it. One never saw a more splendid spirit than was shown at the meeting of the city central committee on the Wednesday following election. The idea that dominated the entire membership was this: "We have got to make good." The



H. P. Houghton, Carpenter and Cabinet Maker, elected Mayor of Girard, Kansas.

one aim of all the comrades is to so conduct the affairs of the city that Butte will be a credit to the whole movement and remain a red spot on the map.

Like all cities where we have gained control, and where we will gain control, we find a dirty mess left by the old parties for us to clean up, but the comrades in other places may rest assured that the comrades here will consider no labors too arduous to make Butte a name that will give hope to the entire movement.

Lewis J. Duncan, who was elected mayor, has been active in the Socialist movement for many years. He was pastor of a Unitarian church at Butte for some years, and then became state secretary of the Socialist party of Montana.

In a statement made immediately after election, the mayor-elect said:

"A study of the vote in our recent municipal election convinces me that the Socialist success is due to the practical unanimity of the vote of organized labor. Of course, our ticket received a large support from other sources, discontented and rebellious business and professional men in protest against the incompetency and neglect of both democratic and republican administrations in the past, but the determining factor was the working class vote. The men in the mines, factories and stores, irrespective of former political affiliations, were practically unanimous for the Socialist candidates. They decided to vote once for themselves."

Daniel Shovlin, who was elected city treasurer, was born in Pennsylvania and became breaker boy in a colliery at eleven years of age. At fourteen he became a full-fledged coal miner and has worked at that trade ever since. During this time he has educated himself by hours of study after long days of work.

Other Socialists who were elected are Frank Curran also a miner; Hugh McMannus, shoemaker; Andrew Rissel, miner; Arthur C. Cox, miner, and Henry Davis, now the public agent of the workingmen's union.

In three other wards the Socialists were defeated by only from sixteen to thirty-three votes.

The council will consist of five Socialists, six democrats and five republicans.

Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Go, all of you, in this search! Where are the promised lands? Civilization must march forward; let us test theories, systems, ameliorations, inventions, reforms, until the shoe for that foot shall be found. The experiment costs nothing, or costs but little. To try is not to adopt. But before all, above all, let us be lavish of the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open all intellects; let us supply souls with air.

Faith in the rectitude and wisdom of our judges is a virtue sedulously preached—perhaps most insistently by those who do most toward their corruption—and though the virtue as we know it is rather vocal than immanent, it is sufficiently deep-seated to be intolerant of spoken hersy.

Ghent—Our Benevolent Feudalism.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man. —Benjamin Disraeli.

On the Rugged Road to Copenhagen.

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE.

Continued from April 15.

FROM Antwerp we immediately went to Brussels, where the World's fair was taking place. There we intended to make as much use of our camera as possible, but we had not figured well. For eight days, the police department would not give us permission to work, but when we said we did not intend to remain many days, only wishing to earn enough to leave for another place, that we were American students and hinted at writing the thing up, they gave way, and gave us a verbal permit for two weeks only. But the intermittent rain almost ruined us.

Our suffering was intense, and we learned that Europe is even more opposed to Americans who have no money than America to Europeans. They want the American with wealth, and would not consider anything too humiliating to get some of it, but without money you are lost. Their own people work for two and three francs a day, and living is cheap. They still have wooden shoes and dog carts. The Belgian women wash the sidewalks with a rag, just as we mop the floor, but are not so exact inside the house. The women are coarse, and are not far removed from the condition of their peasant neighbors. They sing and parade the streets, drink with the men at the public houses, eat shrimps and snails, and seem happy. But I need hardly add to the universally known beauty of Brussels as a city.

The *Maison du peuple*, the home of the International Socialist Bureau, is at Brussels. It is an inspiring place to stop in. The mixture of the nationalities here is noticeable. Russian refugees are there by the dozen. It is a custom in Brussels for men to spend their Sundays and holidays in a public place, especially one such as the *Maison du Peuple*. They bring their wives and children and their sandwiches to these places, and so pass the time. To a large city, it vitalizes it by introducing a sort of communal life, so utterly lacking in New York, for instance. Overlooking my personal objection to beer-drinking, I think the selfish reserve of people in the large cities is more menacing.

One incident will throw light upon the general unconcern and disinterestedness of the employer of labor. We went to the fair, looking for a job. It was Sunday morning, and raining. At the gate we were turned away. On our way back we passed a restaurant advertised as American. Here we inquired for a job. The proprietor, a Jew, said he needed no help, but would try to get something for us with some of his friends at the fair. In the meantime, before he had done more than give us a cup of coffee and a roll, he looked at me, who he thought, was the stronger and asked me to accompany him to the market. There I saw an example of shrewdness that I could not help but admire, even though it disgusted me. He simply was a little keener than those with whom he bargained would gladly have been. His basket was soon beginning to tell its own weight. He ended by dickering over the price of a bouquet of flowers for his wife, a token

he never failed to bring from the market. The burden I hardly could carry to his home.

A Job Found and Lost

He then told his boy, who was born in New York and who bore the New York bluff on his face, to take us to his friends at the fair. These were a big, stout, strong business woman, loud-mouthed and bold, and her nervous, timid husband, also of business proclivities, who dared not look her straight in the face. He once dared to raise his voice in protest, but she was a match for him and so neither conquered and both ruled. They were Americans.

She was interested in our story of our traveling and hard luck, and said she would make place for us in the lower dining hall. Highly elated, we spent our last few francs in fixing up. Then returned, waited until three o'clock, had dinner and still waited to be instructed in the work we were to do. Soon she came over to us and with no less business attitude than before, told us she could not do anything for us. We pleaded the lack of money, the predicament of not being able to speak the language to no account. She did not need us, and all her previous vaunting of patriotism, of doing it because we were Americans, etc., etc., vanished at the more deliberated conclusion that we would not profit her.

On Saturday and Sunday we made quite a little money taking photographs, but such is the condition of the workingman that on Monday we merely starved, empty pocketed.

Hunger, aggravated by the stores of cakes and delicacies all about us, uncertainty of a night's lodging, dread of the ultimate end—these were the experience we had in "Little Paris." All the things that attracted us to this really home-like city and made us feel that we would like to live there forever, acted as a brood of chickens when they hear the beating of hawk's wings and flee from under its shadow. (Had it not been for the kind assistance and genuine charity, not loud-mouthed, but dumb, of a few boys who had come from England to work the fair and who were struggling almost as much as we did, we might not have come out of it so easily.) And yet, after fifteen days of actual suffering, another young man left Brussels with us afoot, as innocent of wealth as our pockets could be, and made for Ghent and Ostende on the sea.

Entertained in Person

At Ghent we were excellently entertained in the city prison (at our own request), given a bowl of good pea soup, the lady who handed this to us through a grated window regretting its simplicity, a good bread sandwich and an excellent bed. In the morning, we were honorably discharged and the police captain gave us his name, asking us to write to him from America. This was the best we had gotten anywhere.

Of all the painful sights, the Belgian peasant presents a most degraded aspect. Their uncleanness would bespeak the slum districts, rather than the open country. Whatever other drawbacks the country has, its loneliness to some, its drudgery, its lack of comfort in city home conveniences, uncleanness

has no place there. Where it does exist, it is but a more glaring evidence of the oppression and the utter extinction of manhood induced upon a humiliated people. It is a condition that can be hurled at the teeth of our suave "back to the farm" reformers. Their clothes are dirty, their rooms are dirty; their eating utensils are dirty; their houses and stables are built together; wherever we stopped, between Brussels and Ostende, almost the entire length of the little country, the same unrepresentable contrast to the open simplicity of the country was a shocking fact upon which this conclusion is based.

Ostende, with its world-famed luxury, was our experience of Brussels, reduced to six days. We went there, thinking that work could be easily obtained by English-speaking people, since it was a place resorted to by Englishmen and Americans. We left Europe's great bathing place as rich as we found it, hardly so with ourselves. We earned enough to take us three-quarters of the way to Paris, and thence took to the road.

How "Our Country" Cares

When a United States citizen sends for an application for a passport, one of the conditions in granting it to him required by the application which is to be signed in the presence of a notary, is that in case of war, you will return to the country to aid in its defense. But should an American find himself stranded in a country where he cannot speak the language, where he cannot get a job so as to be able to earn enough to get home, he may as well prostrate himself before the altar and expect the needed sum to fall from the church steeple as to ask his country's aid.

England will send back home any citizen who, for any reason, he need not even give a reason, desires to return, paying the entire cost of the trip, even if its citizen be in the most southern city in South America. Not so the U. S. But the United States makes you sign the above pledge, to fight, to lay down your lives in its defense. In only two places did we ask the consul for help. In Brussels, where all our efforts to earn our way were frustrated by the rainy weather and by the already over-flooded labor market. The other in Paris, where similar but more permanent labor conditions prevail. In both instances, the help tendered was purely personal. The consul at Brussels loaned us three dollars and we signed a promissory note for it—the consul at Paris \$12, for which we also signed a note. At Paris, the consul told us that they receive millions of francs in fees at the office, but should one franc be used for needy Americans, they would be charged with embezzlement. How's this for reciprocity?

From Slums to Sluggards

It is but a few minutes' walk from the slums to the sluggards. Paris is no exception. Within half an hour you can walk from a dirty street near the Notre Dame to the most Elysian avenue, the Champs Elysee. The Louvre forms the nucleus of this mass of population; to the left flows the Seine, to the right runs the Avenue L'Opera, with its flood of spend-thrifts. This is Paris.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

Woman's Day in Germany.

BY LUELLA TWINING

TODAY is Woman's Day (*Frauen Tag*) in Germany and Austria. One need not say Socialist Woman's Day, for in Germany more women belong to the Socialist party than to any other organization and "*Frauen Tag*" really means something to all working women. Seven meetings were held simultaneously in different parts of Munich. I attended the one in Kindl Saal, an enormous hall well known here. When I entered the hall, an hour before time to begin, I couldn't help feeling envious of our German comrades, for it was packed. In five minutes people were being turned away.

Several weeks ago when Comrade Frau Kollmeyer, a prominent worker here, told me they were to have seven meetings, I thought they were making a mistake. I asked her if it would not be better to have one large meeting. She said they could not get a hall in Munich large enough to hold the people who wished to attend. This proved to be true, for seven large halls were packed. Comrade Kollmeyer told me they were obliged to put all the men out of the hall in her district to make room for the women.

The meeting at Kindl Saal was most enthusiastic and 100 applications for membership were received. About 1,000 applications were received at the seven meetings.

There are few women speakers in Munich, because women in Germany were not allowed to join political parties till 1908 and women have had little training in public speaking. Comrade Frau Kampf-meyer, the wife of the editor of the *Muenchner Post*, a Socialist daily, told me the Socialist party is rapidly developing women speakers. This, however, cannot be said of the other political parties.

Berlin had 47 woman's meetings Woman's Day. Kollentay is known throughout Germany as a brilliant speaker. She writes she was in Dresden for two weeks before *Frauen Tag* speaking in behalf of the women, and had large audiences. Woman's Day she spoke in Frankfurt. The audience was splendid. That means something coming from Comrade Kollentay, for she knows what good crowds and fine meetings are. She has spoken before so many

The women and men work and organize together in the Socialist party in Bavaria. They used to have a separate organization, but have abolished it,

There are 3,000 women in the Socialist party in Munich and 100,000 in Germany. No doubt the Woman's Day meetings swelled the number greatly, for an enormous effort was put forth to get new members.

I wish to express my admiration for Clara Zetkin, the president of the International Socialist Woman's Movement. No doubt she has contributed more than anyone else to the success of the Socialist Women's movement in Germany. She is editor of *Die Gleichheit*, the official organ of Socialist women, and has been most active both as an editor and organizer.

Women will increase the influence of the Socialist party in Germany enormously, which now has a majority in every permanent city in Germany. Were it not for an unjust proportional representation, allotted by the government, the Socialists would control the Reichstag with its three million votes. Capitalist papers say the probability of a great increase in the Socialist vote calls for anti-Socialist agitation everywhere. Imagine the power the Socialist party of Germany will wield with the help of the women who are joining it in large numbers and working with tremendous enthusiasm.

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

A. M. SIMONS. CHAS. EDW. RUSSELL.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Warren's Dream---Simons' Story



FEW weeks ago Fred D Warren dreamed a dream, and when he told it the next morning, his hearers said it was so interesting that it should be made the

climax of a story. So A. M. Simons, who had never been guilty of attempting fiction before, agreed to try his hand at making a story of it. He worked out the first draft while on a trip to New York and return. Then it was revised and sent to John Sloan for an illustration. He made a splendid picture for it.

Next week the readers of the COMING NATION will have a chance to see the result of this work. Those who have read the story say it is interesting. It is based on the Mexican situation, and describes some possible, if not probable, results of the movement of the troops to the Mexican border, with the rumored complications with Japan, combined with Socialist propaganda in the army. There is plenty of action and romance and a thrilling finish.

Alexander Irvine recently visited the city of Edmonds, Wash., the second city of any size in this country to have a Socialist administration. He has written a close personal account of the Socialist officials and their work, which will be published next week with plenty of pictures.

There will be pictures and sketches of a number of Socialists who have been elected to office within the last few weeks. There are so many of these that the COMING NATION is preparing to run a series of such photographs and personal stories to introduce these successful fighters to the whole great army of Socialists. This story of victory makes splendid propaganda.

It seems to be a unanimous vote that May Day issue was the best periodical ever put out by a Socialist paper. The orders for it are coming thick and fast and although a large number of extra copies were printed it looks as though they would all be gone by the first of May. Anyone who wants a bundle (and every Socialist certainly wants at least a few extras) should hurry up with their order. In lots of ten or more they are sold for 21-2 cents a copy.

Socialism in Cambridge

One always looks upon Oxford and Cambridge as the homes of reaction and flunkeyism, but Cambridge within twelve months has become almost proverbial as a new centre of progressive thought. Such a position is looked for in great industrial centres with their East Ends and Trade Unions, but a town shadowed by ancient buildings, and a people bowed down by the weight of antique custom, and toadyism to public school boys, does not afford the best soil in which to sow the seed of independent thought and criticism; but it has borne fruit—no one knows quite how.

Four years ago Keir Hardie—as usual the pioneer—was almost driven out of the town; undergraduates—far less townsfolk—hardly dared mention the

Take Away Tyrant's Power

BY A. M. SIMONS



PEOPLE who live beneath a tyrant, whom they are unable to overthrow, deserve pity. People who submit to a tyranny they have the power to get rid of deserve contempt. The Supreme Court of the United States is one of the most irresponsible, despotic powers in modern government. It stole its power, in the first place, against the will of the people, and stands today in the pathway of any progressive legislation. By a systematic campaign of falsification and concealment, its defenders have led the people to believe

that this power cannot be taken away except by a constitutional amendment. Constitutional amendments have hitherto only been made through civil war, and before this method all people shrink.

The COMING NATION has shown that the throne upon which the Supreme Court rests is by no means inaccessible. By book and verse and records of Congress it has been shown in these columns that Congress has the power to take from the Supreme Court the right to declare laws unconstitutional.

Congress did do this when the court dared to offend the interests of the ruling class.

A majority of the present Congress has denounced this power on the part of the Supreme Court. It is a tradition of the Democratic party from Jefferson to Bryan that this power should not rest in the Supreme Court. The Insurgent Republicans have condemned this power as tyrannical.

There is a suspicion that they took this position only because they thought the Supreme Court impregnable.

Will they dare to move forward now that the COMING NATION has pointed out the road?

There is evidently some discussion along that line. In a "Weekly News Letter," sent out by the American Federation of Labor this week, occurs this significant sentence:

"There is a disposition among many members of Congress, in addition to the labor group, to enact a law taking away the assumed right of courts from declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional."

This looks as though the readers of the COMING NATION had acted upon the suggestion to write to the members of Congress from their district.

No other paper besides this one and the *Appeal to Reason* ever suggested this line of action.

Let us now follow this up. Let us compel the representatives of a pretended radicalism to either act, or admit their hypocrisy. A united demand by the workers of America, or even by any large portion of them, would compel the introduction of such a bill, and will prove the greatest expose of hypocritical law-makers ever made in an American Congress.

Write today to the member of Congress from your district, and ask him whether he believes that the Supreme Court ought to have this power, and if he does not, why he has not introduced a bill taking away that power.

word Socialism. Today there are few more popular meetings than those organized by the University Fabian Society and I.L.P. Men climbed on to the roof of the hall because they couldn't get in to hear Will Crooks; they flocked in hundreds to listen to Geo. Barnes, they shouted themselves hoarse when Lansbury mounted the platform the night of his first day in the House of Commons. Where in England would you find such a program in one week as this: Lansbury, Webb, Henderson and Grayson?

The London correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* wrote terror-stricken paragraphs on the alarming growth of Socialism in Cambridge; the anti-Socialist Union sent down their agents to stem the tide; they were ruthlessly howled down.

But it doesn't stop here. It is not merely the progress of Socialist thought that gives so much encouragement; it is not merely that the I.L.P. hold meetings in every direction; it is not merely that the best way for a Liberal speaker to raise cheers in Cambridge is to refer to "the Labour Movement—the real signs of progress lie in the appearance of Institutions and Brotherhoods which are cropping up in every part of the town.

The I.L.P. and the University Fabian society share the work, and the leader

is the young president of the latter society, Clifford Allen. His energy is almost fabulous. Day after day he flies from one end of the town to the other, speaking, lecturing, writing. He tells the Liberal associations that they are doomed to Socialism, he has broken into every Brotherhood and Institute and Christian association in the town. I remember on one occasion finding him in his room at Peterhouse college with two town working men and three undergraduates talking to him while he snatched some food before going to address his third meeting, the last of a series of public I.L.P. discussions. As an orator he is probably unsurpassed by any of his fellows, as an organizer he is without a rival. In his college room, Town and Gown meet on equal terms, and it is in that room that schemes are now being laid for the running of a Labour candidate for the town council—in a university town! —F. J. Pullen in the *London Labour Leader*.

Gambling promises the poor what property performs for the rich—something for nothing. That is why the bishops dare not denounce it fundamentally.—George Bernard Shaw.

"Only those get credit at the bank who have no need of it."

The Socialist Scouts

Socialist Scouts are taking advantage of the warm weather, increasing their routes and laying up spending money for the summer months. There's room for more boys and girls who are willing to do a little pleasant work after school and on Saturdays. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and earn valuable premiums besides. It costs nothing to begin the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any prospective Scout who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Dept., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan.," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

Scout News

I received the papers Tuesday about 12 o'clock and it is now three and they are all sold. I have had quite an easy time. A man that had chased me away bought one, apologized, and is now a Socialist.—Alfred Sausser, Wash.

My papers are selling like hot cakes and I like the work very much.—John Wertley, Pennsylvania.

I like the Scout work very much. I hope I will soon sell more than 20 papers.—Floyd Deardorff, Pa.

I am a little Socialist and want to be a Scout. I am ten years old. Please send me the free bundle of NATIONS.—Florence Sausser, Wash.

I have added two more customers to my list. One of my customers said when he got through reading his *Appeals* he threw them in the caboose. I am very glad that you have elected a mayor in your home city.—Johnny Gore, Conn.

I received the bag this p. m. which I think is a dandy. I like to sell the COMING NATION. I am very much obliged for the bag.—Rudolph Samson, Minn.

I am on my feet with Socialist papers and will not sit down until I clear the town of capitalist followers. Your tireless Scout.—Earl Cavanaugh, N. Y.

I sold the seven copies in about an hour. I ordered eight copies this time and expect to sell more later on.—Walter Miller, O.

I got my watch and am very much pleased with it.—Urban H. Wallace, O.

I received my roller skates which I am very proud of and I just received a letter from Victor L. Berger relating his thanks for the petition regarding the troops that I sent in April 7th. He said he will soon present it to Congress. We are going to have Irvine come here to speak.—June Fynon, Mich.

I like the work of being a Scout. I have six customers but I am trying to get more. I sold them quite easily. I am going to try to win a prize. I am going to the meeting. I think I will get more customers by next time.—Edward Dewey Morgans, Pa.



JAMES GANTZ.

In Reading, Pa., there's a Scout, a mere boy, whom many older agitators could copy with profit. James Gantz is one of the most aggressive members of the Scout organization. He has a nice list of customers and is adding to it all the time. This picture was taken out of doors in the dead of winter. It was "too cold" for some people but Young Gantz provided himself with a fur cap and served his customers through the snow.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—Johnson.

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Joel Shomaker

NELLITA,

WASHINGTON

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Adventures of Red Feather and Poppy

How Red Feather Got a Name

(Copyright, 1911, by Kittie Spargur Hulse.)

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE.



THE time was somewhere near seventy years ago; the place was a tiny valley in northern California, close to the Oregon line. A willow-bordered river ran through the valley from east to west—not a very large river, for Red Feather could easily throw a stone across it anywhere in the valley.

On the hills to the north were tall

warm with only a small fire of willow twigs.

When Red Feather's father made his house, or campoodie, he first drew a rude circle on the ground. Inside of this the soil was loosened with flint



Full-blooded Indians as they appeared in the days of Red Feather and Poppy. Neva Wright, the little girl in the picture, wears a dress like that worn seventy years ago by Poppy.

cliffs and patches of wild plums, service-berries and choke-cherries. South of the river a few rods, rose a low ridge covered with pine trees. Between the river and the pine-covered ridge was an Indian camp of perhaps a dozen campoodies, made in a little hollow, well-sheltered from the wind. In one of the campoodies lived Red Feather and his sister Poppy. Red Feather was about eleven years old and Poppy perhaps six.

When Red Feather had been a very small boy, not much over a year old, he had toddled off into the willows one day, by himself, and had come back proudly wearing a red feather he had picked up somewhere and stuck in his tangled black hair; and he had been called "Red Feather" ever since.

In early summer the river banks were always ablaze with the yellow California poppies. Red Feather's little sister was born in poppy time. One day Red Feather brought in a handful of the great yellow blossoms with their orange-colored centers and laid them on the baby's head; and that was how Poppy got her name.

If you have never been in a campoodie you might think it must be a very cold place in winter; but I have been in these houses in the very coldest weather and have been uncomfortably

knives and axes, and sticks and thrown outside the circle. Willow poles some ten or twelve feet long were driven firmly into the ground some two feet apart around the circle, and the tops tied together in a bunch. Mats coarsely woven from tules, or rushes, were then fastened around the outside. Dirt was piled around the circle on the outside of the mats, to keep rain and melting snow from running into the campoodie. The inside of the campoodie was lined with skins of animals. The fire was built in the center of the house. The mats and skins did not reach quite to the place where the willow poles were fastened together and the smoke went out through this hole.

There were fur rugs on the floor where they all slept, and in cold weather each member of the family slept in a fur cloak, or robe.

Tied to the willow poles were skin bags and baskets full of apaw and sunflower meal and smoked meat and fish. After awhile there would be others full of dried plums, service-berries, choke-cherries and pine-nuts. Also there were water bottles of closely woven tule roots and willows, and covered outside with pitch which time and

use had blackened and robbed of its sticky qualities.

Red Feather got up early one August morning, but not early enough to see the men go off hunting. They had started when the stars were still in the sky. Their mother gave them some sage-hen that had been cooked the day before and some fish she herself had caught and cooked that morning, for their breakfast. They had no dishes, no frying-pans or other cooking utensils, so they had no dish-washing to do. They had no beds to make. (There are poor people living in cities now, and even in small towns, who have almost as little in the way of dishes and cooking utensils, and their beds are not so good and warm as those of these little savages.) Red Feather and Poppy had never seen any white people although they had been told that there were such people in the world, and some of their tribe had seen them. It was hard for them to imagine what such people looked like; and it would have been still harder for them to imagine a place where a few people worked hard all the time and had very little to eat while those who did no work had plenty. Among the Indians the lucky hunters always divided with those who were not so fortunate. They knew that the day might well come when they would not be lucky and would need the food that the others had secured; and no one went hungry while there was plenty in the Indian camp where Red Feather and Poppy lived.

The little Indian boy would have liked to go hunting with the men but he was not yet old enough for that.

Poppy helped her mother get some willows for fire-wood. Red Feather snared some fish; but it seemed lonesome at camp with all the men gone. The older boys had gone hunting with the men, and the boys that were left were much younger than Red Feather.

"Let's go up to the big plum patch," said Poppy. So off they went. Grandmother Snowbird was tanning buckskin, Mother Sunflower was still getting willows and Baby Rainbow was in his papoose case resting against the side of the campoodie. He was playing with the shells and beads and elk teeth and bear claws that fringed the top of the case. He cooed and smiled at them as they went past just as a white baby does and they wave their hands at him and smiled just as white children do.

They stripped off their moccasins and little buckskin shirts, tied them to their heads and swam the river. It was smooth there and not very deep.

(To be Concluded.)

A March of the Workers

YOU remember, children, that I told you last week about the terrible fire in New York city, where 145 young working women and men lost their lives by fire or by jumping from the windows. The last chapter in that terrible story was the memorial march of the workers of New York city, 120,000 of them, on April 5th, to show their grief for the loss and their indignation that the workers' lives are not better protected against such dreadful chances.

It rained all day, children, and most of us would not even venture out unless we had to. But the rain could not prevent the working class of New York from showing its feeling of grief and indignation.

About twelve o'clock on that day, I went out on one of the down-town streets of New York. There, coming from one side street and then another and then another, were the workers of the different shops coming out from their work and marching down to take their places in the mighty procession. Each shop had its mourning banner and

shop comrades marched before and after it, silent, earnest, sad.

I never saw the workers look so determined as on that day and my heart beat fast with thinking of the power of the working class when they should once know that power of marching and acting together and acting so that never, never again could their masters make them enter a factory where death by fire threatens them every day.

Still the rain kept on and the thousands of girls, many without hats and few with rubbers, marched on, seeming not to feel the wet and cold. A young Italian girl who marched next to me and whose feet after a while dragged with the wet and weariness, said that she had scarcely eaten anything all day. Just swallowed a few bites of her lunch.

"She said: 'Our boss didn't want us to go. We haven't any union there, but we all made up our minds we wanted to march for the girls that were dead. And so about half past twelve just when our lunch time was over, we all came down stairs. The boss screamed after us that we should come back, but we were all together, so we didn't pay any attention to him. If only three or four of us had wanted to march, we'd have been afraid to go.' So in many factories that day the workers learned for the first time the power of acting together.

How Animals Learn to Take Care of Themselves

Just as little children learn their first lessons from their mothers, so the same is true of animals. Birds teach their young to fly, otters their young to swim, deer their young to speed away through the forest at the approach of danger.

William J. Long, in his book "School of the woods" tells of an interesting lesson thus given to the young of the caribou by their mothers.

"I watched five or six mother caribou, one afternoon, teaching their little ones what seemed to me to be plain social regulations and rules of conduct. Up to that time the young had lived each one in seclusion with his mother, as all wild creatures do. Now they were brought together for the first time in preparation for their winter lives on the barrens, when all caribou run in herds.

"The mothers brought them to a natural opening in the woods, pushed them all out into the center by themselves, and left them to get acquainted—a slow, cautious process, with much shyness and wonder manifest on the part of the little caribou.

"Meanwhile the mothers watched over them from the shadows, encouraged the timid ones, and pushed apart or punished those that took to butting and bossing. Then, under the guise of a frolic, they were taught to run in groups and to jump fallen trees—a necessary but still a very difficult lesson for a caribou, whose home is now in the big woods, but whose muscles are so modified by previous centuries on the open Arctic plains that jumping is unnatural, and so must be taught with much care and patience."

An Irish Lullaby

I've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree

I'll rock you there to rosy rest
Ashore Machree!

Oh, lullie lo! sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,

Till everything that hurts or grieves,
Afar must flee.

I've put my pretty child to float
Away from me,

Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea;

And when your starry sail is o'er
From Slumber Sea

My precious one, you'll step to shore
On Mother's knee.

—Alfred Perceval Graves.

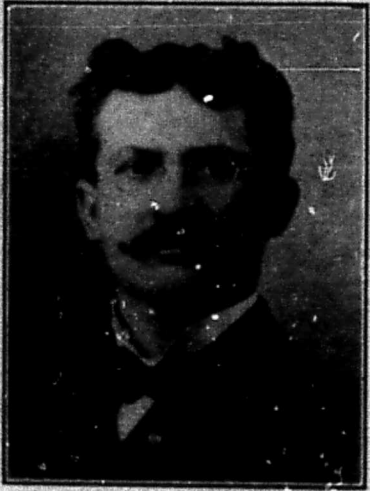
FRED C. WHEELER

BY CLARA A. BLOCHER.

Fred C. Wheeler became interested in the labor movement twenty years ago and has been an active worker since that time.

He has served three years as secretary of the Carpenters' union and has held that office five times in the largest Carpenters' union in the world. A part of the time he was organizer for the A. F. of L.

His interest in the Socialist movement came through reading their literature.



He has been in the party fifteen years. His reasons for becoming a Socialist were the folly of fighting industrially and voting for capital politically.

Ten years ago he ran for Mayor of Los Angeles and received 460 votes, and when two years ago a Socialist candidate was wanted he ran again and polled

13,000 votes. In the last State election he was candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Socialist ticket with J. Stitt Wilson and helped to stump the state.

Fred Wheeler has undoubtedly done more than any one other individual to bring Trades Unions into the Socialist movement.

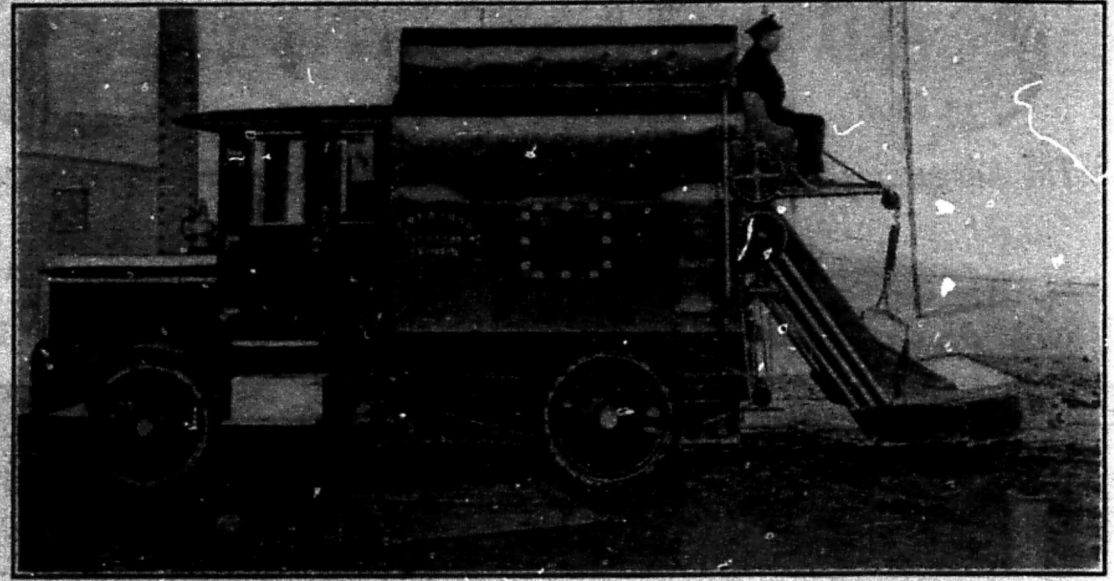
At present he is serving in the capacity of president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters' and Joiners' Union and is also president of the Central Labor Council. Since he has been in charge of the union they have put 100,000 men to work that would otherwise be seeking employment, and their wages have been increased \$600,000 daily. And the carpenters of Los Angeles alone are receiving \$5,000 a day more than under the previous regime.

The 100,000 idle men received work by shortening the hours of labor. When the union was organized in 1881 the unprincipled boss showed little mercy for the worker. Good men were receiving the mere pittance of 75 cents a day for long hours of work. This has all been changed by the union. The demand is an honest day's work and a living wage.

Fred Wheeler has seen the union grow from an organization with twelve unions and a membership of 1,500 to one of 2,000 unions and 200,000 members in the United States.

In 1890 the A. F. of L. selected the union as the one that could best battle in the industrial world for the eight-hour day.

The spirit and influence of the union are felt in many ways. The first money received at Galveston after the flood



WHO WILL DO THE SCAVENGING.

Another objection to Socialism that has done service for 10 these many years must now be laid upon the shelf. One of the posers that each Socialist speaker has had to meet is, "who would clean the streets?" Under Socialism the answer is, this machine will do it, and will do it better than any hand worker could ever do it. It loosens up the scale of mud from the street, then sprinkles it to lay the dust, sweeps up the refuse and sucks it into a box. It sweeps a strip nine feet wide and has a storage capacity of ten cubic yards of material.

Incidentally, it will do the work of fifty or a hundred street sweepers who will be able to put the poser to capitalism, what can a man do who wants to work and cannot, and the answer is, not what Taft said. The answer is, "Socialism knows."

was sent by the National convention then in session. At the time of the earthquake at San Francisco the Carpenters' union sent \$100,000, and the Los Angeles union sent the first \$700 worth of tools after the fire. Tools seemed the most important, but they added a car load of food and clothing.

Mr. Wheeler has been a union man 23 years, and while he realizes that the mistakes have been many he is optimistic as to the great good that has been accomplished. He believes the day is coming when there will be no more strikes. But the workers will then be organized industrially and politically.

MINES vs. TREASURIES.

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Here is the only way, or at least, the basic way, which our civilization has discovered to get money.

The government finds within its borders lands containing gold and silver. It then makes an arrangement by which financiers, potential and otherwise, may secure these lands at prices ranging from a song to a song and a half.

These magnetic financiers have the gold dug, smelted and transported to the mint. It is then fashioned into little disks with a mystical inscription. It is then taken to Washington and deposited in the treasury to lie useless forever.

In the meantime, the magnates have received pieces of paper for their gold. These pieces of paper they proceed to scatter among the cafes of America and Europe, to pay to chauffeurs and doctors and lawyers, and to hand out in other ways, as suits their needs and fancies, in the form of loans or payments.

Now just suppose the government had decided to keep the mines, to figure out their approximate contents in gold, and to issue the pieces of paper up to a safe percentage of the value thereof, how much worse off would we be? Would the gold be as safe in the ground, in nature's treasury, as it is in a building? Would several useless operations be thus dispensed with? Would the pieces of paper, called money, be as well protected as they were before? And would they be issued by the government for service which had more social value than the hoarding of a so-called precious metal and the making of millionaires?

If any college president has ever answered these questions to his own satisfaction, we should be glad to hear from him.

Bab's Limericks.

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.

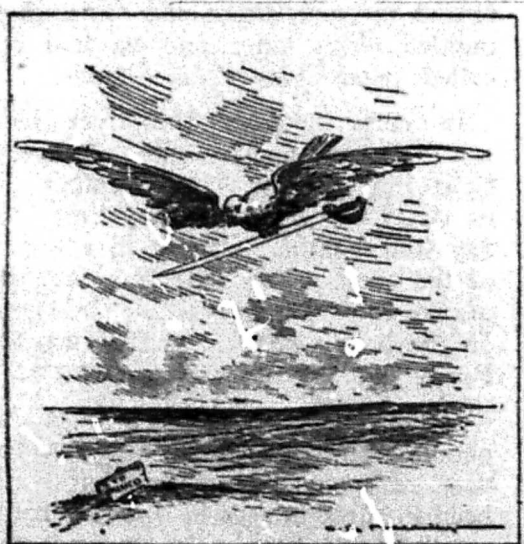
There was a young comrade out West,
Thought honor and justice were best,
But justice was foreign,
Tho' we honor Warren,
And folks, will some day, call him blest.



A Misrepresentative of the People.

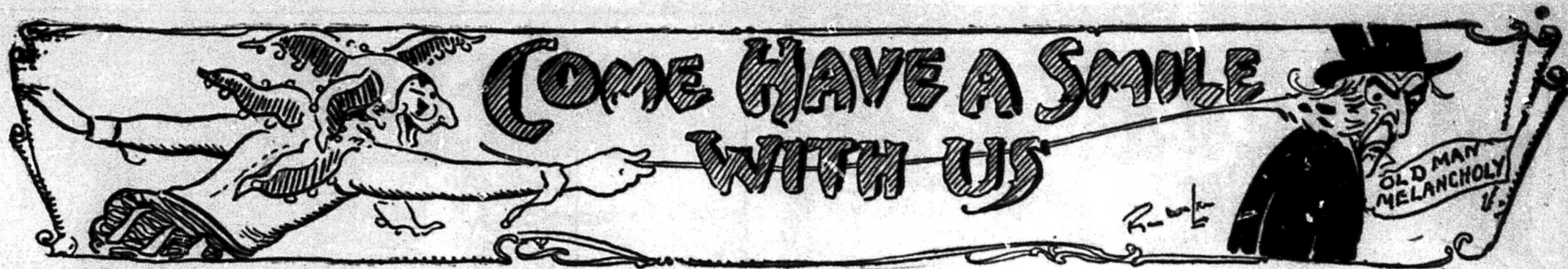
I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of people incapable of committing certain crimes, and it may be true that there are millions of others incapable of practicing certain virtues. We do not blame a man because he is not a sculptor, a poet, a painter, or a statesman. We say he has not the genius. Are we certain that it does not require genius to be good? Is it not true that the criminal is a natural product, and that society unconsciously produces these children of vice? Can we not safely take another step, and say that the criminal is a victim, as the diseased and insane and deformed, are victims. —Ingersoll.

Wherever people meet closely on a footing of equality, sharing is inevitable. In the family we always hold most of our possessions for common use. Students in dormitory, soldiers on the march, sportsmen in camp share freely. It is impossible to have a man sit by you as your brother and let him go hungry while you feed. Therefore as a usual thing we do not let him sit by us or we deny that he is our brother. —Prof. Rauschenbusch.



Debs at Waco, Texas

The above photograph was taken at the close of the Debs lecture in Waco, Texas, on Sunday afternoon, January 29th. While Comrade Debs was shaking hands on the inside of the building the group was formed on the outside at the rear exit and upon Debs' attempt to escape from the opera house he was captured and thus photographed. The bearded comrade in the center of the group with a coat on his arm is the irrepressible Fishman, Thos. J. Hickey, familiarly known as "Piano box" Hickey, while standing by his side, also bearded, is the veteran comrade, Reddin Andrews, recent candidate for governor of Texas on the Socialist ticket and for years one of the most prominent and faithful agitators in the southwest.



Flings at Things

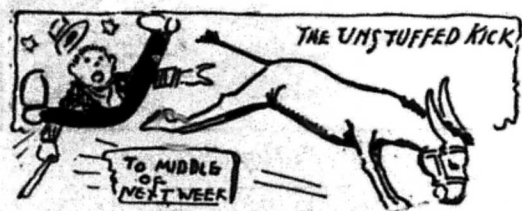
D. M. S.

On Dividing Day.

Who'll live in the mansions on splendid estates
Surrounded by gardens and fences and gates?
Where gentlemen dwell,
Those palaces swell
That loom like a dream of enchantment
or better,
Or like the description one gets in a letter?
Some strife there will be as allotment
is made
When days socialistic arrive, I'm afraid.
For who'd be content with a flat or a hovel
When there was the mansion described
in a novel?
For some lucky pair
To move in and share,
To start right away to partake of the glory
And live like the folks who inhabit the story.
That rankles up jealously right on the spot
If some have to live in a little old cot.
But let's take a look at the cloud and the lining
Before we proceed with our pleasant
assigning.
Without cook or porter
The stay might be shorter,
No lackey for scrubbing or mowing the grass,
With no one exploited—no servitude class.
With all of the work for the man and his wife
That palace would seem like a sentence
for life.

Friend of the Family.

"Bet you can't name the vice president off hand."
"Bet Pierpont Morgan can."



A Problem.

If mules could vote I wonder would
The voting mule be kind and good
To those who beat him with a club
Who made him toil for barely grub,
Who left him standing in the storm
While they inside were snug and warm?
Would he protest, or voting say
That's all I'm good for anyway,
If mules could vote would they be glad
To choose the geezer with the gad
To ruin them on the same old plan
They had been ruled since time began,
Or would they play a double quick
With their historic, unstuffed kick?
Would they be mules, or act like men
And say "Please tan our hides again?"

Modern Handicap.

There never were rulers so sorely beset
By subject who wouldn't respect 'em,
As those who are now in the high places
set
Though truth is we didn't elect 'em.
John D. or Pierp Morgan is years
long ago
Had slain with their hands the muck
raker

But all they can do is make light of
their woe
And say it's the work of a faker.

Slightly Damaged.

"Where did you get those political opinions?"
"From my college professor."
"Take them back and demand your money. He has been working some off on you that should have been sent to the junk shop fifty years ago."



Fine, If Workable.

"Great idea. Country saved!"
shouted the man with the dome of thought.
"Spring it," said the low brow.
"Smash the trust by inducing the women of the land not to marry any

miscreant who made his money on trust ventures."
"Fine idea, but don't bother to get it patented."

All the Trimmings.

"He was educated in the school of experience."
"Then that holler he made on high prices was simply his college yell."

Pert Paragraphs.

Scratch a working man and you will find an embryo Socialist.



Scratch a capitalist and you will get pinched.



No Use Killing.

BY ALFRED CIANI.

A hunter while crossing the wood looking for game met a bear which, being very hungry, started in the direction of the hunter. The latter instead of shooting the bear turned his back and ran as fast as he could. Soon he was out of the wood but the bear still pursued him and was gaining.

The hunter entered the town and the bear still chased him. Some of the men took their rifles, ran behind the bear which was now only a few feet from the hunter and shot it. The hunter now stopped running.

"Isn't your rifle loaded?" asked a neighbor?

"Oh yes, yes," answered the hunter, "my rifle is loaded."

"Well, why didn't you kill the bear?"

"Kill the bear! What should I kill the bear for, when I could take him home alive."

Couldn't Think of the Word.

BY LINCOLN PAGE.

An Irishman and a German got into a discussion over some interesting topic of the day and neither would give in so they agreed to fight it out. The German suggested that when one was beaten he should cry out: "Sufficient!" and the fight would close with one the victor. They started in with sleeves rolled up and kept at it for about a half hour when suddenly the German backed away calling out the word they had agreed upon. The Irishman made a gesture of supreme disgust. "That's the word I have been thinking of for the last fifteen minutes!"

Easy Enough.

BY LINCOLN PAGE.

Two Irishmen who were leaving for the old country arrived at the docks just in time to see the boat make ready to pull out. One of them made it by a hair's-breadth and turned to the other who stood on land uncertain what course to pursue. "Jump, Pat, jump for Hivins sake. If ye can't make it in

one make it in two," yelled his comrade safe on board.

Awtal, Ain't It.

BY NAT L. HARDY.

The professional good man was moralizing on the cruel treatment accorded the Filipinos by the American soldiers when the ex-soldier spoke up. He said: "Those people are beasts and we had to treat them as such." "Why," he exclaimed, "the little brown brutes actually threw stones at our gun boats."

Big Business.

BY J. SCHINDLER.

Sam Johnson, employed as porter on the R. G. W. and Phil Russell, porter on the S. P. R. R. met the other day at the railroad exchange in Salt Lake City, and, after a hearty shaking of hands, engaged in the following conversation:

"Wall, how's business on your road, Sam?"

"First rate, Bill. Business is always good on the Rio Grande Western. And how's business on the San Pedro?"

"Wall since they've repaired that washout in Nevada and opened up the road for travel again, business is rushing. We carry more people on the S. P. than any other road in the far west do."

"We carry moh people on the S. P. than the R. G. W. carries, let me tell yo'."

"No Phil, you don't. I know better because we kill moh people on the R. G. W. in one year, than you carry on the S. P. and you'd better come over and get a job."

Wanted to be Preferred.

BY B. H. MALLORY.

Shortly after one of the eastern railroads had installed the device for scooping water from the track to the moving engine tanks, a hobo stowed himself away on the flyer's engine tank. After going some distance the process of taking water began.

The "passenger" was very much astonished and almost drowned, but

managed to scramble over into the engine cab, where the engine crew looked in wonder at the dripping figure. Regaining his breath he stepped over to the fireman and asked:

"What happened out there?"

The fireman laughed.

"Why, we were just taking water." For a minute the water-soaked figure looked incredulously at him.

"Well, when you are going to take coal, for the Lord's sake, let me know."

Points and Punctures.

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Dividends make strange bedfellows. Jews and gentiles do not get along well together on Sundays, but they have no trouble on week days.

Lives there a man with soul so meek Who lacks the courage thus to speak: "This is the politicians' land."

When protection meets a deficit, then comes the tug of war.

When politicians fall out, they never fall out far enough to give the people a chance to fall in.

Since the tariff was revised by its friends, its friends have had no difficulty whatever in recognizing it.

The wolf and the stork seems to be inseparable. Race-suicide is popular because it is a luxury.

The Ancestor.

A man of very high degree
Once climbed into his family tree
Just to see what he could see,
Hoping against hope to find
What would please his wicked mind.

How he hated all the crew
In family portraits set in view!
All the judges, and the deans,
Statesmen, soldiers and marines,
Men of business and of law,
Men of medicine and jaw,
Church wardens, pillars of the Truth,
All virtuous in age and youth,
The men and matrons, aunts and wives
Who all had led most virtuous lives.

Well, he climbed the family tree
And saw the things that he could see.
Great was his relief of mind
To find what he ne'er thought to find:
Found one who had killed a man—
Killed a man and hung for it,
Had his fun and swung for it.

Then our friend slid down the trunk,
Not in any fright or funk;
Skipped as lively as a flea,
In the very maddest glee;
Clucked a lady on the chin,
Kicked an old man on the shin,
Clapped a stranger on the back,
Gave a constable a whack;
Yelled in joy delectable:
"Now, we're not respectable!"

But were his dear relations glad?
No. They locked him up as mad.
—New York Evening Sun.

Nursery Rhymes Revised.

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?

Down to the White House, midst all the din,

Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there,

I saw a big, fat man in a soft chair,
Pussy cat, pussy cat, did he anythin?
Not a thing, NOT A THING, NOT A THING, NOT A THING.

Polly put the kettle on,
E'en though there's nothing in it,
Polly put the kettle on,
We'll let it cook a minute.
Polly put the kettle on,
A sledge 'twill take to break
Polly put the kettle on,
We'll call it sirloin steak.

Little Miss Haffey, sat in a cufe,
Eating and drinking one day.
William Hill spied her; sat down beside her,
And Bill had a "tenner" to pay.

OUTCASTS

BY HARRY KEMP

A Thief, A Harlot, an Outcast came
To a certain church, one day:
The Thief knelt down to repent his crimes,
The Harlot, to weep and pray;
But what the Outcast entered for
There is no wight may say,
Except that He moved with dignity
And seemed to lead the way.

In a trice a well-groomed usher slid,
Suave and bland, to their side,
A Paradox of insolence,
Servility, and pride—
And he pointed them out at the open door,
The Two and their Hooded Guide.

The minister paused in the midst of his text,
Embarrassed—The Pews all smiled
As down the aisle the Alien Three
In solemn order filed—
And, as He passed, the Outcast touched
The head of a little child! . . .

The minister dreamed in a dream, that night,
That he in heaven stood—
And, there, on the Throne, that Outcast sat,
Still shrouded as with a hood:

'T was Christ, 't was Christ who sat on the Throne,
And on each side was seen
The Thief Who Repented upon the Cross,
And Mary Magdalene!



"Brother Charley" Taft has a great ranch and packing house in Texas. Does this account for the "maneuvers?"



The expiring middle class

The Workers' History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

For over a thousand years thought rested on authority, and the scientific method of interrogating nature was suppressed. To copy nature from Aristotle was just as unreasonable as it would be to make pictures from a faded photograph when the living subject was unchanged and ready to sit for a new picture.

Yet this is exactly what happened. Men hunted in musty and corrupted records for the facts of nature when nature was all about them and accessible to their investigations.

The case against the dark ages is not quite as black as it is often painted. The common notion that evolution was suspended is far wide of the truth. The middle ages were a period of seedtime. The harvest came later. Many important things were happening under the surface and hidden from superficial observation.

These developments escaped the notice of writers like Clodd and Draper. But they were evident enough to Frederick Engels as the following quotation shows:

"The middle ages were reckoned as a mere interruption of history by a thousand years of barbarism. The great advances of the middle ages—the broadening of European learning, the bringing into existence of great nations, which arose one after another, and finally the enormous technical advances of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—all this no one saw."

The comparative method has been valuable in science beyond all possibility of estimation. Comparative psychology even has gone far to help us to understand thought process, especially those of a primitive order.

Comparative physiology, the comparing of bodily functions in lower animals with same functions in human bodies, has unravelled many of nature's secrets and gone far to establish unification of thinking in that field.

Another very important science has developed in about this way: the science of comparative anatomy. It is quite clear that a science of medicine could have little success without a knowledge of the functions and anatomy of the body.

In anatomy, almost all was comparative. Dissection of human bodies was not allowed and all knowledge of said bodies consisted in ideas drawn by their analogy with the bodies of sub-human animals which had been dissected.

This was the method of that great anatomist of Greece—Galen. And Galen's blunders were perpetuated for twelve hundred years—to the time of Vesalius.

Galen's stupefying authority chained the mind in these fields as Aristotle's did in others.

Yet Galen was a great thinker for his period and that the middle ages could not develop what he had begun—could not outgrow him—was surely no fault of his.

Professor Loey says of him: "He was a man of much talent, both as an observer and a writer. His descriptions were clear and forceful. . . . He was a man of originality, but not having the human body for dissection he erred in expounding its structure."

And Professor Huxley paid him this tribute: "No man can read Galen's works without being impressed with the marvelous extent and diversity of his knowledge, and by his clear grasp of those experimental methods by which alone physiology can be advanced."



The National Game

No Pocket in a Shroud

BY F. A. ARNOLD.

He laughed a dimply baby laugh
As innocent he lay,
And tried to catch the beams that danced
As with the child at play.
The weary traveler stopped to bless,
And dried a tender tear;
And many hungry hearts that bled,
With eyes all love, drew near.
The baby gave with lavish hand
As o'er his form they bowed,
As if he knew that there would be
No pocket in a shroud.

They taught the innocent to hoard,
And tears were on his cheek.
They changed the dimpled hands to claws,
The soul to fang and beak.
They wrought in church and school and home.

To make this hideous thing,
Till eyes were steel and heart was stone
And venomous his sting,
And he forgot that wretched thing!
Amid the clamor loud,
That he must die, and that there is
No pocket in a shroud.

He lived for gain, and trails of blood
Marked out his way of care.
Wrecked widows' homes, and orphans' tears,
And baby graves were there.
He died, as dies the fool, at last;
And bears were fiercely glad,
Because his death would lower stocks
Where gambling fiends are mad.
They laughed—his death a thing of trade,
The jest of gambling crowd.
"Ha, ha, old money bags," they said,
"There's no pocket in a shroud."